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"WRECKED ON THE CORAL REEFS."

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

In shining silks and delicate lace,
The lady is fair to see;
The haughty grace of her form and face
Is wondrous fair to me;
But the heart below beats to and fro—
As hollow as heart can be.

With faultless art, o'er her brilliant eyes,
She droops the lashes low,
Lest their cruel light should warn aright
Of the rosy reefs below—
Of the treacherous reefs below;
Where many I ween have ship-wrecked been,
In the days of long ago!

The beautiful, balmy long ago,
When I put my hopes to sea.
Ah! the tide flowed high and the tide flowed low,
And the reefs were bright with their brightest glow,
But my hopes went down at sea!
O'er their shining track, some ships come back,
But mine come never to me,
Ah! woe,
Can never come back to me!

Philadelphia.

THE QUAKER PARTISANS.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SCOUT."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XIII.

It had not been necessary for Thomas Sanford to discharge his rifle at all, and he very willingly returned it to Rushy, who took his place at the loop-hole, eagerly but unsuccessfully looking out for Nat.

The enemy having now piled a large quantity of brushwood upon the wagon, succeeded in running it up to the house under cover of the smoke, and placing it sideways against the wall. In this position, and reaching up to the second story windows, it obstructed the loop-holes effectually, and of course put an end to the danger from the rifles on that side.

It was not many minutes before those within heard the crackling of fire in the wagon, and perceived the smell of burning wood which stole, with the pungent smoke, through the openings.

Leaving the girls to defend the front against attack on that side, Keziah and Thomas Sanford went up stairs to be ready to fight the fire. They did not have to wait long; for the dry, light brushwood burned almost like straw, and in a few moments light blue jets of flame came shooting up through the mass, darting forth and back like the forked tongues of serpents. Here and there a bunch of dead leaves would kindle, as one of these sharp tongues shot through it, blaze up into a yellow flame, and then die out.

Faster and faster came the jets, turning from blue to yellow, and then deepening to red, shooting higher and higher, curling and swaying back and forth with an angry crackle and roar, lapping the sides of the house and the dry eaves greedily. Keziah and her companion had not been idle, but from the first appearance of the flames, had been dashing buckets of water upon them, assisted by Martha and Jenny, who had been called up by Thomas.

The occasional crack of a rifle from the room below, showed that the girls were on the alert, to prevent the door from being forced, some demonstrations of which had been made, at the expense of two or three more of the besiegers' lives.

Still the fearless woman above, with her companions, battled stubbornly with the increasing fire, till the flakes from the kindling roof began to fall within, and the room was so full of smoke that they could hardly breathe.

They then retreated to the room below, and Keziah, briefly telling Thomas and his companions to follow, descended rapidly to the cellar, and leading the way to the passage which turned off to the left, directed them to follow it to the cave, and there wait till she and her daughters should join them.

There was no time for parley, and they set out at once.

Keziah hastened back to the room where her daughters were still watching at the loop-holes, and, bidding them collect what food and clothes they could, no. forgetting a bag of Spanish dollars which her husband kept stored for emergencies, prepared to follow the Sanfords, leaving the house to its fate.

The whole roof was by this time on fire, and the sparks were beginning to fall thickly into the room through the stairway. The firing from the outside had ceased, while the besiegers watched the progress of the flames, and the inmates of the house were about to descend to the cellar, when they heard the heavy tramp of a column of soldiers, and the sharp, stern orders,

"Run that wagon from the house! seize the tongue and away with it to the fence! Quick, you ruffians! By my life, if it stands there one moment longer, I'll have the ringleader tossed it to it to try how he likes his handiwork! Away with it!"

There was no doubt that the speaker meant to be obeyed, and half a dozen of the Tories sprang to the tongue, and ran the wagon, with its burning load, as far from the house as possible.

"Now, who's in the house?" said the voice, sharply.

"Don't know," was the answer; "'cept ore old woman an' some blasted good rifles that's knocked over six or eight of us."

"Women!" exclaimed the other, darting around to the front of the house.

As he reached the door, it was opened from within, and Keziah stood before him, her gray locks hanging in disorder, as they had fallen when her comb was shot away, about her smoke grimed face, and her three daughters, each with her rifle in her hand, standing immediately behind her.

"If you are an English officer, and a man, we claim your protection agin that gang of cowardly wolves," said she.

"You shall have it, madam; you shall have it," said he; "I'm sorry I wasn't able to attack it earlier; I'm afraid there's no hope of saving the house."

"None," said Keziah; "let it burn."

"Are there no men in the house?" inquired the officer, in surprise, as he looked from the grim figure of Keziah to her daughters and back again, "are you all the force here?"

"Yes," said Keziah, "one old woman an' three gals, with a rifle apiece, is what's kep' a hundred Tories off, sin' sun up, an' would ha' kep' 'em off 'till sun down, if they hadn't ha' managed to git the old wagon up to the house, an' set it afire."

"Four women holding a log house for hours against a hundred men; if all your countrymen had your courage and determination, we should have been driven from the country long ago," said the officer; "as for you, you cowardly hounds, that attack women twenty-fire to one," he added, turning to the Tories, "you have been doing brigands' work, and you shall have brigands' pay; lay down your arms."

"D—d if we do," said one, who appeared to have some command, though he was evidently not the Captain, "who the d—l are you that undertakes to order his Majesty's soldiers to lay down their arms?"

"Your superior officer, sir," said the young Captain, "and one who means to be obeyed; 'soldiers'!" he added, with his lip curling, "a gang of lawless ruffians rather, that disgrace any cause they fight for. We'll see what General Howe thinks of such soldiers. Deliver your sword to the Sergeant; you and your men are under arrest."

The whole house was now on fire, burning furiously; and all present had moved some distance away, to avoid the heat, which was intense.

The temporary leader of the Tories sullenly offered his sword to the Captain, for he saw that his force was greatly outnumbered; the latter, however, turned his back upon him, motioning the Sergeant to take it.

"And now, madam," said he, turning to Keziah, "you have been deprived of a home by these scoundrels; is there any place where you can stay, with your family, for the present? We will escort you safely to any place you wish."

"Thankee," said she; "but there's a neighbor's house not far off, where we can stay 'till such time as my old man an' the boys can knock up a shanty."

"You have a husband, then?"

"Yes, an' ten boys;" the Captain involuntarily raised his eyebrows slightly, but Keziah went on without noticing it; "if they'd been at home, we'd ha' drov' off all these scum long ago."

"Where are your sons?" inquired the officer. "In the American army?"

Keziah hesitated.

"Don't tell me, if you had rather not," said he; "I only wish, however, to befriend them, should it ever be in my power."

"Well," said Keziah, "they're not exactly in the army; they're with Clayton's Rangers now."

"Clayton's Rangers!" said the officer; "I ought to know them; isn't the first lieutenant named Barton?"

"I don't know," said Keziah; "I never seen any of 'em 'till yesterday. I think the officer's name was Bettle."

"The same; he was another Lieutenant; I don't want to know where they are," he added, in a low voice; "but if you know, I think, in the unsettled state of the country, you had better get yourself and your daughters under the protection of the troop as soon as possible. Should you see Lieutenant Barton, tell him that Captain Gardner desired to be remembered to him and the other officers."

The soldiers now prepared for departure with their prisoners, Keziah declining any escort, saying, "they could git along without any trouble, if he would only drive them wolves away."

Captain Gardner, after repeating his offer of an escort, which Keziah again declined, bade them good-bye kindly, and his men, with the disarmed Tories in front of them, filed away through the woods, and were soon out of sight.

As soon as the coast was clear, Keziah and her daughters hurried to where the cave opened on the hill-side.

"Somebody's been through these bushes," said Hannah, pointing to some twigs which were broken off, and at the leaves which were turned in some disorder, and stripped off.

"I hope they hain't been so foolish as to come out by themselves," said Keziah.

Stooping down to the mouth of the cave, she called, but no answer was returned.

A sudden exclamation from Jemima brought Keziah away from the cave to the foot of the hill.

"See here, mother," said the girl; "here's horse tracks; what's that mean."

"Horse tracks!" said Keziah; "then there's been treachery somewhere, and they're carried off, sure. Nobody'd be likely to bring horses here for anything else."

"I'll soon see," said Rushy, coolly, "whether they're in the cave or not."

"And the fearless girl, armed with her rifle, from which she had never parted, walked to the entrance, crouched upon her hands and knees, and disappeared beneath the bushes and the shelving rock.

The others followed her at once, with their rifles, partly from curiosity, and partly to assist her in case there should be any danger.

They soon reached the interior of the cave, but it was empty. They proceeded along the passage to the well, found the opening into the cellar blocked up with fallen timbers from the house, which was now a heap of smouldering ruins, still finding no trace of the object of their search.

Turning on their steps they retraced their way towards the cave. When about fifty yards distant, Keziah, who was in advance, suddenly stopped, saying,

"Hark! what's that?"

All stopped, listened, and heard unmistakably the sound of an axe, falling slowly in heavy blows, apparently proceeding from the cave.

Beckoning her daughters closer to her, Keziah now moved along more slowly and cautiously than before, the girls following close in her rear.

Arrived at a jutting point of rock which projected partially across the passage, just before it opened into the cave itself, Keziah stopped again, and all four concealed themselves behind it and listened again.

The blows of the axe still continued, and after a moment's listening, Rushy, who was next her mother, saw her face, haggard enough before, suddenly grow pale as death.

"What's the matter, mother?" she whispered, anxiously.

"That axe is *outside* the cave, gal, right at the mouth," said Keziah.

"So it is," said she, listening, but unable to imagine why her mother was so agitated; "I wonder who it can be choppin' there, just now."

"Choppin'!" said Keziah, "don't you know the sound of an axe edge better 'n that? That's the butt of an axe, drivin' a stake in the ground. We're shut in!"

A look of dismay glanced from face to face, and then, as by one impulse, they all hurried past the projection into the cave, seizing their rifles which had been leaning against the rock, and clapping to the mouth.

But there they stopped; for, jammed partly under the shelving rock which formed the mouth, was a large stone, closing up the aperture entirely, except one spot at the upper right hand corner, where the light came, broken by the bushes outside, through a small opening not larger than Keziah's hand.

Placing her shoulder against the stone and beckoning her daughters to assist her, they all exerted their utmost strength to move it, but in vain. Twenty times their strength, exerted at the disadvantage of their constrained position in the low passage, would have succeeded no better.

They moved back to the higher part of the cave, a few feet from the stone, and crouched on the floor, Keziah groaning aloud in bitterness of spirit.

At this moment the small aperture I have mentioned was darkened, and a voice with a villainously exaggerated nasal twang, whined through it,

"Wal now, dasn't you feel comf'ble, Keziar? Whar's Jemimy? I reckon—"

What was reckoned did not appear; for the speech was cut short by the report of Jemima's rifle, she having recognised the voice and caught a glimpse, as it peered through the opening into the darkness, of the face of Yankee Nat, and instantly fired at it.

Half stunned by the report, and blinded by the smoke, they were uncertain at first whether he had been hit or not; but the next moment, though they could see nothing, they heard the voice again, exclaiming—

"Cre-a-tion! what a she painter. Good-bye, Keziar; 'member me to Jemimy," and then they heard a mocking laugh growing fainter and fainter in the distance as the villain rode deliberately off, and left his entrapped victims to their fate.

The prospect before them was not encouraging. At the mouth of the cave was the stone, jammed slightly in, and then secured farther by two stout stakes driven deeply into the ground, close to it, rendering it impossible to move it, except from the outside. At the other end of the long passage all egress was barred by the timbers which had fallen into the cellar, so that there was absolutely no way to get out except by climbing straight up the perpendicular sides of the well; a feat, to the performance of which neither of the prisoners felt herself competent.

CHAPTER XIV.

When Thomas Sanford and his family, after some difficulty, reached the cave, they found themselves in the clutches of Yankee Nat, and six of the other Tories, who were there waiting, not for them, but for the Mac Allans.

"Jee rew-sl'm!" exclaimed Nat, "this is better still. Haow's thee do, Thomas?" he added, in that devilish, mocking, nasal drawl of his, and snuffling, "didn't expect the pleasure o' thy company to day. Friends, this is Thomas Sanford, whar we got licked from his house last Thursday night by the bloody Rangers 't licked us yesterday mornin', an' lost five of our best men."

There was something in the voice that utterly this remarkable bit of involved grammar, which Jenny was sure she had heard before; and taking a better look at its owner, she recognized in him the fellow who had insulted her on the Thursday evening he had now referred to.

Carefully avoiding any sign of recognition, however, but with spirits by no means lightened by this discovery, she stood silent, with her eyes cast down to avoid those of Nat, which she felt were bent upon her.

"Naow, boys," resumed Nat, "I reckon we're got 'baout th' best luck we could ha' had. These here folks is wuth suthin' to captivate. Th' old woman an' her gals wan't no 'caount at all in comparison o' these."

"What's that?" interrupted one of the others; "the firin's stopped."

"Wal," said Nat, "'sposin' you squirm out an see; you're nearder th' hole 'n anybody else."

The man accordingly crawled out to reconnoitre; in a few minutes he was back at the entrance, calling eagerly, but in a suppressed voice—

"Nat! I say Nat, come here quick!"

Nat dove into the low passage, and made his way as rapidly as possible to its mouth.

"Fetch all hands out," said the fellow, "the house is blazin' like a haystack, but there's the d——l knows how many Reg'lars around it, an' all our fellows is disarmed."

"Then we must run for it," said Nat, in a sharp, quick tone, strongly in contrast with his ordinary drawl; "get the horses ready;" and then backing into the cave again, hurried the other men, with their prisoners, into the open air, giving the latter, as they emerged, a stern and hurried warning to be silent; the Tories then mounted their horses, from which, however, three of them, from very shame, soon dismounted, to allow their prisoners to ride, and all except Nat, immediately disappeared in the woods, taking a roundabout course to the rendezvous they had left in the morning.

Nat, instead of going with them, led his horse off out of sight into the woods, and then concealed himself among the bushes, with which the ground was overrun, to await the coming of Keziah and her daughters, who, he felt sure, would not be long in looking after their guests, if they were left at liberty.

He had, as Jemima had said, lived with the Mac Allans for a short time. He had not been there a week, before, with his prying Yankee curiosity, he had ferreted out the whole secret of the cave, and the subterranean passage to it, in spite of all the care that was taken to keep him in ignorance of it. He was a close-mouthed fellow about his own affairs, however, and always kept his knowledge to himself, until he should find an opportunity to bring it into use.

He was satisfied that if the women were not already in the passage, that the entrance to it in the cellar, was so blocked up by the ruins of the house, that the cave could not be reached from that direction.

Accordingly, he had waited patiently in his concealment, until Keziah and her daughters had entered the cave. As soon as they disappeared, he crept stealthily up to the mouth, and having heard their voices die in the distance as they moved towards the well, had rolled up the large stone and secured it as already described.

When he had got through his laugh, he put spurs to his horse, and galloped after his party.

Arrived at the rendezvous, they remained there through the day and the greater part of the night, and about an hour before daybreak, started with their prisoners for the farm-house.

It was impossible to avoid passing Deborah's Rock without making a wide detour, which would have consumed too much time, and Nat, who acted as guide, determined to run the risk of skirting it, trusting partly to Jenny's fears to keep her from giving any alarm, and partly to the hope of getting past the dangerous point without her knowledge. He miscalculated both her timidity and her acquaintance with the country, as the event showed.

He had sprung to her side when she screamed for help, and levelled his pistol at her head, but recovered his coolness instantly, and lowered it again, for her death was not consistent with his ultimate designs. It was no lingering gentleness, no touch of pity for the young, helpless girl who had thus been thrown so unexpectedly into his power, that held his hand; Nat, son of Belial as he was, would have snuffled contemptuously at being charged with any such weakness.

Well was it for Jenny Sanford, that Dandy Harry's knife so effectually unsettled his plans, and sent him home to his master that morning; for the guard whom Harry had dispatched so promptly just before the attack on the house, was no other than Yankee Nat. He has gone to his own place, and will appear no more.

All through the day, in the meantime, Keziah Mac Allan and her daughters had remained prisoners in the cave, not sitting with their hands in their laps, but wearying themselves out in vain attempts, now to pry away the stone with their rifle barrels, now to force their way into the cellar.

At last, as evening came on, completely overcome with fatigue, they sank down on the floor of the cave, and went to sleep.

They slept soundly, whether long or not they could not tell; Keziah was awakened at last by a touch on her shoulder.

Opening her eyes with a start, and catching an indistinct glimpse, in the gloom, of a man's figure, she sprang to her feet, making a grasp at her rifle, which lay beside her, as she rose.

"My sakes alive! K'zish," said a well known voice; "but I'm glad to find you an' the gals alive. But what's been up? Here's the house burnt down, an' you fastened here in the cave. Where's Tommy Sanford an' his folks?"

Conquering an instinctive feminine tendency to hysterics, Keziah briefly detailed the events I have described, stating that they had held out 'till the house was beginning to tumble over their heads, that they had sent on the Sanfords in advance, not suspecting that Nat knew the secret of the cave; their missing and searching for them, and their imprisonment.

"That's what the firin' meant, this mornin', then," said Mac Allan, after she had finished; "we heered it an' seen the smoke, but thought it was farder off. Well, we can't do anything to-night; we must go over to the neighbor's now, an' start by sun-up for the Rock, to let Captain Clayton know the Sanfords are missin'."

Accordingly, having spent the night at the neighbor's, they made an early start in the morning, and as we have seen, reached the Rock, just before the Sanfords and the party who had rescued them returned, with the dead body of Mahlon.

The account which Keziah had been giving Clayton of the cause of their presence there, had been interrupted by the arrival of the party, and had not been resumed until after the burial; the Sanfords had withdrawn a little apart and were sitting by themselves; and Keziah, at Clayton's request, stepping out of ear shot, resumed her narrative in a low voice.

When she mentioned Captain Gardner's name, he interrupted her to ask about his personal appearance. Keziah described him as well as she could, and with sufficient accuracy to enable Clayton to recognize him.

"He named one o' your Lefenants in partic'lar."

"Was it Wheeler or Wetherill?" said Clayton.

"No, that wan't the name," said she, considering a moment, "I think it was Barnet or Burton, or somethin'—"

"Barton," said he.

"Yes, Barton; that was it."

Barton, who had heard his name spoken by the Captain, came over to where they were talking, supposing he had been called.

"Thee remembers the young Englishman thee took the other night, at the spring below New Castle, Levi?" said Clayton.

"Yes," said Barton, "have you seen him?"

"Friend Keziah, here, saw him yesterday, at a very fortunate time for her. He was the means of saving her and her daughters from burning to death in their own house, or falling into the hands of the remnant of the gang we drove from here on Sixth day night."

"Had he any force with him?" inquired Barton; "he must have got to work without much delay after he was exchanged."

"Yes, he had considerable force," said Clayton; "I'll tell thee all about it after awhile. I would like to hear the rest of thy story, now, Keziah."

"There haint much more to tell," said she; and then went on to describe the disarming of the Tories, and their own adventure in the cave, their discovery and release by her husband, and their journey to the Rock.

"Then the gang is completely broken up, I suspect," said Clayton; "all their fighting men, who survive, are prisoners. Our work with them is done. We will stay here, however, 'till thy sons come in, and then try for a few days whether we can pick up some recruits, for our ranks have been terribly thinned in the last three weeks; only what there were, about forty men, left out of a hundred;" and Clayton and his Lieutenant looked sadly around upon their scanty force.

CHAPTER XV.

On Tuesday morning all the scouts came in together. They had tracked the Regulars

KEZIAH AND HER DAUGHTERS AT THE CAVE.

with their prisoners, from the burned house, to the outposts of the British army, supposing that all who had been left in the house were prisoners, and then came back to report.

They were, of course, a good deal surprised to find those they had been seeking, all safe among friends.

The Rangers now abandoned the Rock, and, at Thomas Sanford's earnest solicitation, quartered themselves at his house until they should be ready to leave the neighborhood; Mac Allan and his family also went there, and made it their home for some time after the departure of the troop, Martha absolutely refusing to let them go away until the cabin, which the old man and his sons, (whom Clayton had directed to remain for the purpose, and join him as soon as possible afterwards,) had at once set about building, was completed.

It was on the afternoon of Tuesday, the sixteenth of September, that the Rangers returned to the old house, from the Rock.

In the five days which had elapsed since their retreat from Brandywine, including the night of that sad day, they had gone through fighting enough to satisfy the most reckless fire-eater among them all; and Clayton and his officers were not sorry to have the opportunity of a few days exemption from it. Bettie certainly had no objection to the prospect of a little quiet enjoyment of Jenny's society, now that the recent events had brought about a tacit understanding between them, which needed no formal declarations on either side.

The relation between them was, by this time, as well understood by all the troop as it was by themselves; and by common consent, not expressed, but universally acted upon, Jenny was left to her lover, with no more particular attentions from the other officers, than civility and a strong liking for her called for.

Moreover, Clayton, who, though as brave as any man in his troop, and as unsparing in battle, when his spirit was fairly up, was no fire eater, had observed, with some uneasiness, that the constant fighting and excitement of the last two or three weeks, had developed symptoms of a taste for blood-letting among the wilder and rougher men of the troop, which was not at all in accordance with his views. He was anxious, therefore, on this account, also, to have a little time for them to cool down.

There was but little "soldiering" done, therefore, during the few days they remained at Sanford's, with the exception of training the new recruits, of whom some twenty in all, about enough to mount the riderless horses which had followed the troop from Birmingham, were obtained from the neighborhood.

This was less difficult than might have been supposed, considering the consternation which the defeat at Brandywine had spread over all this section of the country. The knowledge, which spread like wild-fire, that the Rangers, with only forty men, had succeeded in beating off and scattering two hundred Tories, with Black Rawdon at their head, besides killing the dreaded chief himself, had produced a strong persuasion of the invincibility of the troop.

With the exception of drilling morning and evening, for the benefit of the new recruits, the men did pretty much as they pleased through the day, though Clayton always had two or three of his hard riding scouts out, scouring the country for information of the enemy's movements.

Those who remained at home employed themselves principally in fishing in the creek or gunning in the woods around, turning their carbines into fowling-pieces for the time, and bringing home many a palatable mess of birds and fish, and on one occasion, a deer; for deer were still occasionally found in that part of Chester County.

Besides this, they did what they could on the farm, to requite Thomas Sanford for his hospitality. His corn was ready to cut, and on the morning after their return to the house, the whole troop turned in with their swords for "cutters," and had the whole of it cut and shocked by dinner time.

They gathered in the apples from the orchard and stored them away, and finished his fall ploughing, which had been interrupted by the raid of the Tories upon him.

Of course, with so many mouths to provide for, the female portion of the household, strengthened though they were by the addition of Keziah and her daughters, were kept pretty actively employed. It was better, perhaps, that it was so, as it kept Jenny and her mother from dwelling too much upon the loss of Mahlon, at least during the day. But their pillows were wet with tears at night, and for many a night afterwards, during that fall and winter.

Mike devoted himself mainly to the horses, carefully avoiding Bettie's Roland, however, having a very distinct recollection of his former experience with him, and seeing very plainly that Roland had not forgotten it either. Whenever he came near the horse, the ears laid back, the suddenly dilated nostrils, the breath hissed forcibly through them, and the glare of his broad black eye as it followed all his motions vigilantly, gave him warnings which he could not mistake, to keep out of reach.

On one occasion, when Roland had inadvertently been placed in a different stall from the one he usually occupied, he suddenly lashed out his heels at the poor fellow, who was unconsciously passing him, and came within an ace of dashing his brains out.

The stable door, which was opposite the stall, received the blow, and was driven open from its fastenings as if by the shock of a battering ram.

Mike dove head foremost through the door, and when at a safe distance, stopped and shook his fist wrathfully at the savage beast, exclaiming,

"Tunder an' turf! ye spalpeen, if ye wasn't Mr. Bettle's baste, I'd hamethring ye for that, an' spile them pavin' stones o' hales for iver an' a day!"

Bettie, who was on the gangway of the barn at the moment, heard the crash, followed by Mike's voice, and suspecting what was the matter, hastened down.

"Mike," said he, "I'm sorry the horse seems to have such an enmity to you, and I really don't know how to cure it."

"Inmity, is it?" ejaculated Mike. "Tare an' ouns! he's a divil entirely for bearin' malice. But faix, it's me that didn't go near 'im o' purpose; some omadhaun or other put 'im in the wrong stall; if ye'd plase tell 'im to put the brute where he belongs, an' kape puttin' 'im there, I'll know how to kape out o' his way."

Bettie called the trooper who had charge of Roland, and had him removed to his proper stall, after administering a severe reprimand for his carelessness, for the man acknowledged, in answer to his question, that he knew the horse's antipathy to Mike perfectly well, but had changed his place in the stable without thinking.

Bettie and Jenny were not so busy but that they found time in the evenings, after supper, to take a few long, quiet strolls together; and very pleasant strolls they were, through the meadows, and along the banks of the beautiful, quiet stream, which flowed on as calmly and peacefully as if no sound but the murmur of lover's voices had ever mingled with the sough of the autumn wind through the corn that waved and rustled on its banks, and among the trees that drooped over them.

The lovers had many things to talk about; the trials and troubles that had crowded upon them in the last few days, the uncertain prospect for the future, their reliance on each other,—for these same troubles had swept away all reserve, and they talked freely and unrestrainedly—and the hope that better times would come, when all these alarms would be at an end.

It would have sounded curiously to those who only knew Bettie as the reckless dare-devil partizan officer, to hear him talk of the delights of a quiet, farmer's life, and of his longing for the time when he could forsake the wild, restless life he was now leading for what he saw, in the light of the new feeling that had come over him, was a far higher and better one; not that he had any thought of leaving it now, however, for the conviction of duty which first led him to adopt it was as powerful as ever.

Neither did Jenny urge it, for she had come to see the question in the same light as he himself did, and would not have persuaded him to abandon his duty, if she could.

With all her quiet happiness at these times, however, the poor girl was sad enough, for she had loved the boy who had fallen in the attempt to save her, with all the fondness of an affectionate nature, and his death weighed constantly and heavily upon her spirits. Perhaps she clung the more tenderly to Bettie for this loss; transferring to him the affection whose tendrils had been so rudely torn away from the object to which they had previously attached themselves.

As they walked along the bank of the creek, on one of these evenings, they had been talking of Mahlon, and Jenny at last, said—

"But, indeed, William, it does seem hard that the youngest should be taken thus, and in the only battle he was ever in."

"It is a sad loss, darling, the more so as he was so young, and had attached us all to him so much. Jenny, as we stood around him and John after the fight on that sad morning, I saw the lips working and big tears running, unnoticed by themselves, down the faces of some of my own men, who I suspect had never shed them since they were as young as the poor boy they were grieving for."

"Those wild, stern, reckless looking men! They look as if nothing could ever move them," said Jenny. "But it is strange that my brother was the only one killed in such a fight as John described to me. How did thee escape, so reckless and daring as he says thee is?"

"I have to thank you, Jenny, for my life in that affair," said Bettie.

"Me!" she exclaimed, gazing at him with that earnest look I have before spoken of; "how could I have anything to do with saving thee?"

"You had all to do with it, humanly speaking, Jenny," said he; "do you remember the shoe you dropped as you were going along?"

"Yes," said she, "I watched my chance and let it fall from my foot in hopes that they might have heard me on the Rock when I called for help, and would follow and find it so as to know we were not far off."

"Just what Frank did; well, I took the shoe," he said, with a smile, "because it was yours and I thought I had the best right to it, and slipped it into my belt for safe keeping. When Barton first ordered the Tories to surrender, I was standing beside him, and their leader fired his pistol at us; I had just stepped in front of Barton, and felt myself driven back a step or two as the fellow fired; I had been hit, sure enough, but the shoe stopped the ball which struck fair in the heel, and buried itself there, leaving me to thank your foresight in dropping it for my life."

"Does thee know," she asked, changing the subject, "whether the Captain intends to stay here long? I don't know whether it's right to feel so, but I can't help hoping that it will be a long time before thee is called off to do any more of this dreadful fighting, I can't bear to think of thy being in such constant danger. What would I do if thee should be killed as my brother was?"

Bettie made no answer to this; nor, indeed, did Jenny expect any, and they returned in silence to the house, where they found the men gathered around Frank, who had apparently been telling them some news, for they were all alive with excitement.

Frank had been absent since the afternoon before, scouting in the direction of Philadelphia, and had just returned with information that the British were posted near Tredyffin church, and that "Mad Anthony," with fifteen hundred men, had been detached to annoy his rear, and divert his attention while Washington crossed the Schuylkill at Parker's Ferry, with what was left of the main army.

There was but little probability that any more difficulty with the Tories would be experienced by the Sanfords, or any other family in that neighborhood, and Clayton at once determined to join Wayne, the service in which the latter was employed being of a character peculiarly in his own line, and the men being eager to be at work again.

Everything, therefore, was prepared for an early march the next morning. A messenger was sent to Mac Allan's to see if his cabin was sufficiently advanced to enable him to do without his boys. The latter came back with the messenger, all ready for service, having just finished putting the roof on the cabin so as to afford some shelter, though the openings between the logs of which the walls were formed had not yet been filled up.

The evening was spent in moulding balls, preparing cartridges, sharpening knives and swords, and cleaning fire arms.

The next morning, by half an hour after sunrise, the Rangers had despatched a substantial breakfast, and were in the saddle in marching order.

In a few minutes more they had passed out of sight, carrying with them the fervent blessings of those they had saved; while Jenny looked after them, with dimmed eyes, through the tears she, this time, took no pains to hide.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1860.

TERMS, PREMIUMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The FIRST YEAR'S subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

One Copy, and both Engravings of Niagara Falls,	$3,00
One Copy of THE POST and one of Arthur's Home Magazine,	3,00
One Copy of THE POST and one of Godey's Lady's Book,	3,50
Two Copies of THE POST,	5,00
Four " (and one engraving of Niagara Falls)	$9,00
Eight " (and one paper to getter up of Club)	10,00
Thirteen " (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	15,00
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☞ Those who send clubs of *eight, thirteen*, or *twenty* names, can have either an extra paper, as mentioned above, or both the engravings of Niagara Falls, as they may prefer.

The NIAGARA FALLS ENGRAVINGS are large and handsome *steel* engravings—the same that are advertised by Mr. Butler in our advertising columns at five dollars for the pair. The postage will be prepaid on the engravings.

A Beautiful Premium also to Every Subscriber. "THE SPEAKING LIKENESS," a large and beautiful *steel* engraving, will be sent to EVERY subscriber to THE POST for 1860, who incloses us 25 cents.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price of the paper, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 134 South Third St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If any article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

AMERICAN RIFLE SHOOTING.

Among the most amusing articles that we meet with in the course of our editorial readings, are the articles in English journals relative to America. We think we never saw one such article, which did not contain one or more ridiculous blunders; while it is not uncommon to find the whole production curiously spotted with inaccuracies. Of some of the blunders of the Hon. Mr. Berkeley, we have recently spoken—and we have now another and more amusing budget to lay before our readers.

An essay upon "Rifle Shooting in Europe and America," is to be found in a recent number of a good-looking English periodical, called "The Leisure Hour." Of the remarks relative to rifle shooting in Europe, we shall venture no opinion; but a more amusing collection of blunders relative to rifle shooting in the United States, we have never seen. We said *blunders*—we must correct the expression. Great as our charity is, we cannot class some of the statements in the article referred to, under that innocent head. Not to be offensive, we may describe them as bearing more resemblance to the shootings of a certain article, called a long bow, than anything else—and, viewed in this light, they may be termed very good shots.

Let us quote a few paragraphs from this veracious article:—

The Americans are undoubtedly the first rifle shots in the world. *There, every man is by statute trained to arms as, even in cities, they have only the alternative of being firemen; and these, too, are so imbued with the national spirit, that they voluntarily arm themselves and have their target-shooting excursions also.* Even long antecedent to the period when they are constrained to discharge their national duties by law, they resort to the practice of their own accord. The little fellows in Missouri and "fighting Kentucky," at nine or ten years of age, are sent out by their fathers with rifles to shoot the wild turkeys, which there so abound, and *we have seen them* soundly whipped on returning home, if they brought down the bird by any other than a shot through the head. Generally, after an incredibly short period of practice, they contrive to strike the head fairly off in a majority of the shots.

We would respectfully inform our foreign readers, that every man in America is not trained to arms. The militia laws, in many of our States—and perhaps in all—are generally disregarded. A very small proportion of the firemen of the country have formed themselves into the target shooting companies alluded to. As to the alleged whipping of boys "nine or ten years of age," for deficient marksmanship, and which our English "rifle-shooter" says he has "seen," we have heard the story frequently told as an anecdote, and we suppose its authenticity is now set beyond question. But to quote further:—

In America, we may mention, *the militia, throughout the whole Union, are obliged by law to assemble four weeks throughout the year, for the purpose of drill.* Sometimes the period is subdivided into two or four parts, but *in all it is imperative; and while they are thus in camp, or under drill, the utmost discipline prevails.* The old nonsense about American militiamen—such as three out of every half-dozen turning to the right, while the other wheeled to the left, and the master threatening the man, or the creditor the debtor, about the payment of some bill, if he unduly disciplined—is now wholly obsolete, if, indeed, it were not always entirely fabulous. We have seen regiments of these men, especially the New York National Guards and "Boston Tigers," not inferior in discipline to any body of regular troops in Europe.

The writer here gives us information which we were totally unacquainted with. He seems to know a great deal—and yet, singular enough, he does not seem to be aware of the distinction which generally prevails between our militia and our volunteer systems. As to our militiamen in general, we must confess that we are afraid the "*old* nonsense" which he alludes to, is a good deal truer than his new nonsense. But let us have a few more *facts*. Our long-bow—we mean rifle-shooting friend, informs us that—

"So general is the martial spirit of America, that *almost every* city, *every* village, *every* newspaper office, and extensive private, commercial, or manufacturing establishment, has its own individual military company; and each of these goes forth frequently to drill, as well as contends, at least once a year, for prizes at target shooting!"

Our readers have heard of the boy who said he saw "a hundred black cats in the yard"—meaning, as it ultimately appeared, "their cat and another one." That boy must have grown up into an author—the identical author whose writings we are considering. In this case, however, it is "our cat and another one" magnified into ten thousand black cats!

We are further told that in such companies, the "journeyman or apprentice" is often elevated to the post of officer over his employer, and "frequently issues the word of command to his foreman or *boss* in tones and with a promptitude which is implicitly obeyed, and is amusing enough." All of which is a touch of democracy rather in advance of the facts.

The following statements are somewhat wonderful—our English friends must have capacious throats, to swallow them even without a gulp:—

In California, bears in the valley below are frequently destroyed by the hunter high up on the mountain firing his piece aloft, whence it (*query*, the "*piece?*") descends so unerringly and with such force—the momentum increasing with the height it attains—that the animal beneath is generally destroyed at a blow. In Acapulco, on the western coast of Mexico, a similar plan is resorted to for the purpose of destroying turtle at sea; but an arrow on these occasions is the weapon, and it generally proceeds from the hands of the fair sex, who, moreover, take the precaution of attaching a string to it, for the purpose of hauling their prize a shore.

The writer must have laughed over his sheet of appropriate foolscap, when penning the above. They certainly are two "good ones!" Hunters killing grizzleys in the valleys, by shooting *upwards* from the heights of the mountains—and "fair ladies" killing turtles with arrows in a similar way, and afterwards hauling their prizes ashore with their own delicate hands! Oh, John Bull, John Bull, no longer talk about the Yankee "Munchausens." You evidently have among your writers, the descendants of those who "*pulled a good bow at Hastings.*"

The following account of Captain John Travis's shooting gallery *in Philadelphia*, will do to finish with:—

The Captain, we may add, has since established one of his shooting galleries in the Quaker city of Philadelphia, on *Adams* street, between *Main* and Second; and it is probably the finest establishment of the kind, not only in the United States, but in the world. The rifle galleries are 70 feet in length, 10 in width, and 17 in height; the pistol galleries the same height and width, and 36 feet in length. *There are also galleries and reception-rooms for ladies.*

"Adams street, between Main and Second!" Also "*galleries and reception-rooms for ladies!*" Where have we lived all our life not to know that situation, or that shooting-gallery—with accommodations also for ladies—probably the "finest gallery in the world!"

A GOLDEN COFFIN.—There was nearly a thousand dollars' worth of gold used on the coffin of Mrs. Edward Shippen Burd, who was recently buried in Philadelphia with much pomp. The plates, handles, and heads of screws were of solid gold. How much of the sorrow and suffering of the living might have been alleviated by this sum!

We cut the above from the last number of the *Transcript*, published in *Portland, Maine*. A falsehood is a difficult thing to kill—it has as many lives as Satan himself. The above statement was published one day in this city, and denied, if we are not mistaken, the very next morning. But, with one day's start, the error will probably never be overtaken. We do not doubt that we shall see it in half the English newspapers that come to us, before many weeks—accompanied, in each case, with an appropriate moral dissertation.

Will the *Transcript*, and all other papers that have copied the above statement, please deny it at their earliest convenience. The truth is, that there was very little money lavished on Mrs. Burd's coffin—the plates, handles, &c., being only gilt, instead of "solid gold." Mrs. Burd left a large amount of money to be devoted to charitable purposes—and she is going the rounds of the papers in such notices as the above!

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.—There was a Scriptural enigma in THE POST of April 14th, which we fear puzz'ed a good many of our older readers, as well as the children. A brother-editor, who sends us the answer, says:—"It was very difficult to solve—in fact the most difficult of the sort I ever attempted. It requires a thorough acquaintance with the Bible to solve such an enigma."

As we have a good many ministers among our readers—to say nothing of deacons, class leaders, Sunday school teachers, &c.—they may be able to test their acquaintance with the Scriptures, by solving the enigma in question. To afford them an opportunity, we shall withhold the answer for a week or two.

MASCULINE AND FEMININE.—A ship is said by the grammarians to be feminine. But what then is a "man-of-war!"

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 189—Adults 98, and children 91.

MRS. BROWNING.

Many of our readers probably have wondered with ourselves, at the recent erratic performances of the muse of this gifted poetess. The following paragraph, if true, contains a sad but (in one sense) satisfactory explanation of the writings in question:—

The London correspondent of The Liverpool Albion, says that "Mrs. Barrett Browning is a *medium*, and that her incomprehensible gibberish called 'Poems Before Congress,' is really what she believes to be *the direct effusion of disembodied beings, especially communicated to her for the regeneration of Italy!* This is a fact, and one about as painful as well could be; but there is no indelicacy in making it known, inasmuch *as it is her particular wish it should be known.*"

It would thus appear that so long as Mrs. Browning trusted to the strong and sound intellect that her Maker had given her, her judgments were worthy of her fame; but, having once admitted the idea that she was become a medium for the transmission of the opinions of heavenly spirits, she is at the mercy of her own wild imaginations, or, even, perhaps, at that of any fiend who chooses to "squat like a toad, close at her ear,"

"Assaying by his devilish art to reach
The organs of her fancy, and with them forge
Illusions as he lists, phantasms and dreams."

WASHINGTON IRVING'S FIRST LOVE.

A romantic article, with the above title, was published in THE POST of April 14th. It did not originate in our paper, however; but was taken from the selections of a contemporary, where it appeared uncredited. By this time, very likely, it has made the rounds of half the country press—the romantic is so swift of foot.

Many of our readers, probably, like ourselves, doubted the truth of this story. If they did, their perceptions did not mislead them. For we are authorized, on the authority of the Rev. Dr. H. J. Morton, Rector of St. James's church, in this city—who is fully acquainted with all the facts of the case—to pronounce the article in question, in all its leading features, thoroughly false.

The romance of Mr. Irving's love, is simply this. Mr. Irving was engaged to be married to a young lady, the young lady died, and he never married. Dr. Creighton—who is not a Presbyterian, but a highly-esteemed Episcopal minister—was not a wealthy, but a poor young man; and his wife belonged to an entirely different family from that of Mr. Irving's betrothed.

It is to be regretted that articles like that which we are commenting upon, should be put in circulation, simply, as it would seem, for the purpose of telling a good story. No man should write anything as a fact, which he had not good reason to believe the truth. Especially should those be careful, who have to do with statements which, as in this case, may cause pain to the families and friends of some of the persons mentioned.

THE LITTLE FAIRY.—This tiny young lady, we can assure our readers, is well worth the seeing—and, for that matter, everybody seems to be going to see her. Last week her daily audiences were crowded. She is smaller than Tom Thumb—and then, being a girl, and quite pretty, is more attractive. It is only when she is brought close to him, that the spectator realizes the exceeding diminutiveness of this little specimen of "the human *form* divine." Hereafter the exhibitions will take place at the Assembly Buildings, corner of Tenth and Chestnut streets. Parents who cannot find time to go themselves, should not omit to send the children, for it is, as we have reason to know, a great treat to the little folks.

THE London Leader criticises Mr. Prentice's "Wit and Humor in Paragraphs" with severity. It finds neither real wit nor genial humor in the collection. "Jewels so manifestly mere paste were scarcely worth the stringing."

The *London Leader* is entitled to its opinion. We also are entitled to ours—and that is, that both real wit and genuine humor are to be found in many of Mr. Prentice's paragraphs.

☞ A traveller says that Mount Vesuvius never sleeps; and we suppose that it must be sleepy, for it is always yawning.

☞ The quickest way to make a tall man *short* is to borrow all the money he has got.

☞ CONSOLING.—Losing a small fortune in an unlucky speculation, and all your friends wondering how you could have been "such a fool."

☞ You may gain applause by one great, wise, or fortunate action; to avoid censure, you must pass a whole life without saying one bad or foolish thing.

☞ Give a wise man health, and he will give himself everything else.

☞ Byron was disenchanted when he saw his inamorata eating. In other words, he faltered when youth and beauty were at *steak*.

☞ SIGNIFICANT.—In the window of a drug store in a village of this State is conspicuously displayed the following sign:—"Orders received here for the Court of Death."—*Connecticut Press.*

☞ Men and women often seem to be staring others right in the face, when in reality they are staring at themselves—looking with the backs of their eyes at their own fine figures and dresses.

☞ PIKE'S PEAK WIT.—They have a "poet" at Pike's Peak, who has perpetrated the following:—

Luck varies with the men who hunt
For gold, as I'll explain:
Some find the ore *in crosses*,
While others seek *in vein!*

☞ Parents should not be too strict with a daughter eighteen years of age; still, it is their sacred duty to be circumspect. Love is painted blind, and a girl in her teens has not her eyes wide open.

☞ I never knew a poet except myself, who was punctual in anything, or to be depended on for the due discharge of any duty except what he thought he owed to the muses. The moment a man takes it into his foolish head that he is what the world calls a genius, he gives himself a discharge from the servile drudgery of all friendly offices and becomes good for nothing, except in the pursuit of his favorite employment.—*Cowper.*

THE REQUEST.

[Any of our bachelor friends, who is too diffident to "pop the question" in words, can just inclose the following to his lady love, with his name written at the bottom—if necessary, "omitting the third stanza," as they say in church:—]

Say, will you be my bride, sweet girl,
My own, my cherished bride,
And share life's future with me, love,
Let weal or woe betide?
I long to hear you old church bells
Peal forth our bridal chime;
And feel the blissful hour hath come,
When I may call thee mine.

I know that thou art treasured here
By many a fond, true heart;
I know thy parents both will grieve
To see their child depart.
But they have other dear ones' love
To soothe each passing year.
While I roam through the world alone,
With none my life to cheer.

The home that I have toiled for, love,
Awaits thy presence there;
The home that I have strived to make
Befitting one so fair.
The flowers that I have culled for thee,
Have blossomed forth and died,
Since first you gave me leave to hope
That you would be my bride.

Then let sweet pity move your breast,
Nor doom me to despair;
But like a pitying angel grant
This earnest, loving prayer.
Thou knowest that I prize thee more
Than all on earth beside;
Thou knowest I am thine alone,
Then say thou'lt be my bride. E. S.

APRIL FOOLS.

Will anybody tell us where the custom came from, which makes everybody try to fool everybody on the 1st of April? We saw a funny thing on that day. Did you ever pass by an old hat on the sidewalk without giving it a kick! We do not believe such a thing ever happened. Well, a wag seized upon this characteristic, out of which to make a little amusement on "all fool's day." So he procured a boulder, weighing some twenty pounds or more, and laying it upon the sidewalk, placed over it an ancient weather beaten hat. The first person who passed that way was a jolly, rollicking young man, who went whistling

"Jordan is a hard road to travel,"

and as he came opposite the hat, placed so temptingly in his way, he gave it a rousing kick, expecting, of course, to see it go skiving into the middle of the street. But it didn't move, and the kicker picked up his toe in both hands, hopped about, and became emphatic in his language, in a manner that made the perpetrator of the joke dodge round the corner. In a moment afterwards, a gentleman came that way, with a cricket-bat on his shoulder, which he brought down with a swoop against the hat, expecting to see it take a hoist over the lamp-post on the adjacent corner. But it didn't; while the cricket-bat, as it rung against the stone, flew half-way across the street, and the striker fell to dancing about, blowing his fingers as if they were cold, and using a good many words not to be found in any religious work of the day. We stayed long enough to see a dozen or more assaults perpetrated upon that old hat, that concealed the boulder, and every time the attacking party got the worst of the bargain.

AFRICAN VILLAGERS.

In well nigh every village we saw men spinning cotton, while others were weaving it into strong cloth, in looms of a very simple construction. Both spinning and weaving are very tedious processes. They are all anxious to trade. The women were often up all night grinding their corn to sell to us. One village we passed without halting. The inhabitants followed us, calling upon our guide to return with them to trade. As a last argument, they shouted, "Are we to have it said that white people came to our country and we did not see them?" They are by no means teetotallers. Large quantities of beer are manufactured by them, and they are as fond of it as our countrymen are of whiskey. The chief of a village almost always presented us with a large pot of beer. We passed a village one day, and saw a large party of men sitting smoking in the public square, who did not seem at all communicative. After resting a little under a tree, a short distance from them, they sent us a calabash of beer, to see if we were friends, which was to be manifested by our partaking of it. We saw many partially intoxicated people—tipsy chiefs—and even members of the learned professions get "a little elevated at times." A native doctor, with his cupping-horn hanging round his neck, who had evidently been making some deep potations, came out and scolded us severely:—"Is this the way to enter a man's village, without sending him word that you were coming!" Entering a hut, he came out, staggering under a large pot of beer.—*Mr. Charles Livingstone (in a letter to Mr. William Logan, Glasgow, dated "Kongone, Mouth of Zambesi, December 1, 1859.")*

MELANCHOLY FATE OF THE AUTHOR OF "TRISTAM SHANDY."—The celebrated writer, Sterne, after being long the idol of London, died in a mean lodging, without a single friend who felt interest in his fate except Beeket, his bookseller, who was the only person that attended his interment. He was buried in a graveyard near Tyburn, belonging to the parish of Marylebone, and the corpse being marked by some of the *resurrection men* (as they are called), was taken up soon afterward, and carried to an anatomy professor of Cambridge. A gentleman who was present at the dissection, told me he recognized Sterne's face the moment he saw the body.—*Malone.*

☞ A western paper says, "It is only 21 years since the first log cabin was erected in Burlington, Iowa, and *it* now contains 10,130 inhabitants."

☞ It is said that the Yankee who was at the point of death, whittled it off with his jack-knife and got well.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PARIS, April 5, 1860.

A GLANCE AT LA VENDEE.

The obliteration of local peculiarities—not always, perhaps, a gain—which so certainly follows in the wake of the railway train, and the irruption of city habits thereby effected in remote country regions, has hitherto been less rapid in France than in England, for the simple reason that not only is it but a short time since the great lines of railway were completed in France, but that the immense ramification of minor lines which covers the greater part of England with its network, is still wanting in France. To a human creature so richly gifted with the faculty of staying at home as is the average French peasant, the existence of a railway twenty, thirty, or fifty miles from his village, will probably never induce him to find his way to it across the intervening country, although he knows that the wonderful innovation, once reached, will take him straight to that Mecca and Medina of French imagination and longing, that culminating point of splendor and of power, the Paris whose pulsations have so often been felt to the farthest extremity of the national fibre. The existence of the great iron artery, even at so remote a distance, will tell insensibly on the life and destinies even of the villagers thus removed from the sight of its wonders; their land and produce will perhaps be worth a trifle more, and their ideas will perhaps receive the last softened shock of the outermost, attenuated ripples of animation that will roll outward from every station of the line.

But many a long year must elapse, many a stirring change will have occurred in the world, before such a proximity can have caused any marked variation in the types, habits, manners, and customs of the remoter districts of France. Each of these still possesses its own diverse and peculiar character; offering a field for the observation of the student of human nature by no means devoid of interest and value. North, south, east, and west are all different, and all will still amply repay the curiosity of the visitor.

In none of these remoter districts are the local characteristics more varied and persistent than in the old Vendee, now included in the Department of the Maine-et-Loire. The villagers of the neighborhood of Angers are utterly dissimilar to those about Saumur: and if you leave these districts for the country about Cholet, you will be amazed to find yourself surrounded by natural features entirely unlike those presented by either of the others; while the ways of the people, their modes of thought, customs, and even the build of their persons, will all be seen to be as dissimilar as though separated from these other localities by the Channel or the Rhine.

ROADS, GORSE, FIELDS, &c.

The roads in this part of France are literally impassable, with the exception of the Government highways, during the greater part of the year. They are full of ruts, holes and mud; not even on horseback can a traveller follow them in winter without incurring the most imminent risk of life and limb. The fact of a guest travelling on horseback by one of these cross-roads to a wedding at a village at some little distance from his own, and arriving at the festive scene, after a hard day's adventures, minus his shoes—these useful appendages having disappeared in the mud into which his steed had been plunging all day up to his haunches, though the traveller had not alighted from the animal's back—may be taken as a fair sample of the state of matters and things in the road department of existence in the rural regions. The country is poor, not half cultivated, and produsing—with the exception of gorse-bushes—little else than the scanty supply of buckwheat, which constitutes the principal food of the people.

The gorse is, in fact, the distinctive feature of the region. There are no hills, no wide plains, no great rivers, neither are there many square roods of level ground. The country is everywhere broken by mounds and ravines; the soil is clayey and cold; the water stands in vast puddles, and the gorse, which often attains a height of fifteen or sixteen feet, is the one superb, redeeming feature of the scene. The moment a gorse bush shows itself, the peasant concludes that the "goodness of the land" is gone, and leaves it to its fate. The plant thus extends its domain, covering the country for miles together, and draping, as with a mantle of cloth of gold, the nakedness of the land.

The country is cut up into fields, bordered by hedges of holly often a dozen feet high.—The roads wind between these hedges, shut out from every ray of sunshine, cut up by heavy cart-wheels, often serving as a channel for the waters drained from the adjacent hillocks. The compact and lofty holly hedges, which not even a stag could leap over, and the hares can only pass at certain places where they have forced a passage, are shadowed in turn by aged oaks and chestnut trees, whose boughs spread over the road for great distances, as though to shut out from the sight of heaven the crimes which might so easily be committed in the darkness and solitude of its well-nigh impassable windings. If you travel along them in summer, however, with a pair of pistols in your holsters, and a blue sky overhead, you cannot fail to be charmed with the tapestry of ivy, wild hop and honeysuckle that covers the tall holly-hedge, with its tall and graceful arabesques. But even in the driest weather you must look forward to your way; for it frequently happens that the earth, insufficiently supported, has given way, forming deep and dangerous hollows, which, in the absence of stones to throw in pebbles for mending the road, are simply filled up with faggots and branches of trees.

There are no towns through all this region; only villages and scattered farms, the largest of which are seldom of more than eighty or a hundred acres. The houses are open to all comers, without waiting, or leaving the animals being all shut into the holly-fenced fields.

CURIOUS MODE OF LIVING.

The people are simple and temperate. If you go into a house, you are sure of a welcome; and the best of the humble fare it contains will be placed before you. As you approach the door, you perceive a whitewashed wooden cross above it: as you enter the large room within, you see a little niche, containing a rude statue of the Virgin and child, covered with gaudy paint. Opposite the door is a sort of rack, always hung with articles of clothing, and above it are the guns of the different members of the family. Above, there is also but one vast room, with as many beds as it can hold, the space being divided off into compartments by massive old presses, these compartments being occupied by two, three, and sometimes even four generations of the owners. For families are often numerous in this part of France, and the people often live to a good old age. One old patriarch, the father of three generations, all occupying the same homestead, and the same dormitory, goes by the name of Louis XVI., because his name is Louis, and he was the sixteenth child of the same parents. Half-a-dozen children often sleep in the same bed, some with their heads to the head of the bed, the others with their heads to the foot. The parents sleep in a bed close by: and the other branches of the family are a little way off, each occupying its respective colony of beds. Sometimes, but more rarely, you will find several families, not related to each other, thus living together, and sleeping in the same dormitory. Families thus associated, rent and cultivate the same farm, which pacific union constitutes a *parsonnerie*. Those who form it speak of one another as "*our parsonniers*." They are often of widely different degrees of substance, and of personal capacity, and consequently share in the profits of the association, according to a scale of proportion laid down and agreed to beforehand.

On one of these farms you will find no less than four families, thus living and working together; of these, one family, consisting of three persons, has furnished one half of the funds embarked in the working of the farm. A second family, consisting of ten persons, of whom six are children, has contributed a quarter of the funds; and of the other quarter, one-half is furnished by a family of four persons who are among the best laborers on the farm, and the other half by a widow with four young children. The open space in front of the house is covered with a thick layer of rushes, gorse, and heather, which, constantly trampled on by the feet of men and beasts, and rotted by the winter rains, forms a valuable yearly addition to the rest of the manure. Not far from the house is an enormous chestnut tree, some hundreds of years old, under whose spreading branches are kept the ploughs, carts, and tools of all descriptions used upon the farm. When the weather is fine, all the children too young to work are to be seen at play in the sun on the grass about the house, under the care of an old grandmother, whose declining strength is no longer sufficient to allow of her taking part in more active employments. All this numerous company forms but one household, living together in the utmost peace and harmony.

After the legitimist attempt of 1832, Louis Philippe caused a few strategetic roads to be opened through some parts of this region, in order to be able to send in troops. Various measures *were also set on foot for bringing the* lights of modern civilization to bear on the minds of the very primitive inhabitants. These measures, despite the violent opposition of the people, have been carried out successfully; the wasteful magnificence of the gorse bushes has disappeared in certain neighborhoods, and the land, improved by draining and tillage, produces capital crops of wheat. Fine herds of cattle are to be seen, and cart-horses have begun, in some places, to replace the classic yoke of oxen in the labors of the farm. In another generation or two, it may be the lot of the traveller through this region to witness the substitution of the steam-plough in place of the slow and cumbrous husbandry of to-day. Meantime in the more favored districts near the strategetic roads just mentioned, commerce in wheat and cattle has largely increased, the price of land has tripled, the rate of wages proportionally increased, and even the peasant landowners are beginning to think of grubbing up their gorse bushes, and clearing the stones from their fields.

The region is still, however, wonderfully little changed from the antique simplicity of its habits and customs. They speak of their landlord as their "master," and of themselves as belonging to his "subjection:" when he comes into the country, they all hasten to welcome and embrace him, the rough chins of the men, who never shave except for Sunday, making this reception sometimes a painful one to its object. They are generally on excellent terms with him, and are willing to follow his counsels and carry out his plans. With the priest, they are on equally good terms. He keeps a register in which the name of each member of his flock is inscribed, with an entry of 5, 10, or 20 francs per annum, opposite each, according to their several means. If he is in want of ploughs or carts for the working of the glebe, he announces, after mass, on Sunday morning, that, on such a day, such a farmer is wanted at the parsonage, with his oxen and plough. The farmer so called upon never fails to obey the summons, without murmur or delay.

The manufactures of Cholet (*Challies* derive their name from this town) occupy between 75,000 and 80,000 persons, who are to be found scattered through all the neighboring villages and hamlets. The contrast between the sturdy agricultural peasanty, and the debilitated weavers, is exceedingly striking; and though the two classes are intermin,led they never mix. The sons of the peasants, if obliged to quit their father's farm, will rather turn monk, and enter one of the numerous monasteries of La Vendee than enter the town, and sink into town life. The peasant of the Vendee scorns the town, and its handicrafts; and rather than quit the country, will furnmure himself for life within the impassable limits of cloistered existence. His is sure of open air labor, and the care of fields, gardens and orchards; and this suffices to content him. The farmer's daughter will remain single, and sink into the attendant on the children of her eldest brother—the future master of the farm—rather than "demean" herself by marrying a weaver.

SINGULAR CUSTOM.

A curious custom has sprung up at the Vendean weddings, originating, no doubt, in the presence of this despised class. On the last day of the feast, when the rejoicings of the company are at their height, the most active of the guests dress themselves up in the most grotesque imitations of the poor; with wigs of tow, crownless or rimless hats, and ragged garments of every kind. Thus disguised, they dance the *meyeux*, or *dance of the poor*. Sixty or eighty of the unfortunate weavers of the neighborhood, women, old men, and children, pale, haggard, and a sack on their shoulders, contemplate the noisy gambols of the dancers, which seem to mock their misery, and in which they are never allowed to take part. While the *meyeux* is proceeding an immense cauldron has been prepared, in the kitchen, and into this are thrown all the scraps of victuals which have been left since the beginning of the feast, and which, with the addition of a quantity of potatoes and buckwheat, simmer together, and form a kind of porridge by no means of the most delicate or savory description. Such as it is, however, the poor creatures for whom it is prepared, accept it with the eagerness of hunger. The porridge is served up in great wooden dishes, at a long table prepared for them, the guests, with the bride and bridegroom, waiting on them during the repast. At its conclusion, whatever remains in the dishes is transferred by them to their sacks, and the wretched, ill-paid victims of the loom take their departure.

The peasants of La Vendee, notwithstanding recent progress, have not yet got much farther than the raising of wheat and the fattening of lean kine, which they purchase and fatten for the market. Neither colza, beets, nor flax, has yet set foot in that region, though well suited to it. The landowners do not live in the country, and expend little or nothing, in general, in introducing the improvements which stimulate to imitation, and so enormously develope the wealth and resources of a district. There is not a single habitable *chateau* in all the country; no wealthy resident to initiate an era of emulation and activity. There are no parks, no flower-gardens, no singing birds. The blackened ruins of the ancient castles of the old *seigneurs* still show among the dark, heavy woods which formerly made their pride, looking more like the haunts of wild beasts or bandits, than the remains of lordly abodes; and crows, jays, magpies, tomtits, and owls, are the only tenants of ruins, forests, and hedges. The owl is so common there that it is a feature of the region; an imitation of its note having been adopted by the insurgent Vendeeans as their rallying-cry amidst the labyrinths of their gorse bushes, the name of *Chouans* (from *Chats-huants*) has come to be used as the designation of the victims of that deplorable civil war.

The *absenteeism* of the landlords of La Vendee dates from the unhappy period of the *Chouannerie*. The least rich now live at Angers or at Nantes; the richest at Paris. The notary of the district manages the affairs of the absent landlords, receives the rents, and renews the leases. The owners take care not to come into the country during the semi-annual visits of their legal agents. For several years past the rents have been raised whenever a lease has run out; and the farmers, who are wedded to the homestead their fathers have inhabited before them, submit to the rise, rather than leave. Moderate as is the farmer's gain, a dozen applicants are always ready to contest the acquisition of a farm which becomes vacant; but as a few of the peasants have lately bought bits of land for themselves, the system of subdivision which has operated so injuriously on the agricultural interests of France, will no doubt soon be introduced into La Vendee.

Normandy, with its rich pastures and orchards, and the cunning of its people hidden under a pretended simplicity;—Brittany, with its wild and rugged scenery, its inexhaustible legends, its picturesque costumes, and its intense and virulent hatred of England and the English;—the south-west, with its barren *landes*, and its Gascon "blarney;"—the blending of the French and German types on the Rhine;—the sunny vineyards, noble mountain-ranges, and handsome peasantry of the Venaissin and the Mont d'Or—are all as distinct as so many different nationalities, and all are rich in materials of interest for the painter, the student, and the traveller in search of the amusing and the picturesque.

QUANTUM.

☞ A lady tourist curiously remarks—"Boston, seen from the monument of Bunker Hill, looks like a large spider that has been dropped into the water, struggling for the land, in order that it may spin its web and fulfil its destiny.

☞ A certain honest (!) gentleman passing homeward, a night or two since, came to a clothes line with a shirt on it. He immediately proposed to the line to "odd and even," to see which should have the shirt; he pulled out a shilling, took it odd, and won. He then went his way, the richer by a good shirt.

☞ Many prefer taking to their love or companionship a rough pebble, in which there is the slightest chance of discovering the smallest diamond, rather than a highly-polished unquestionable bit of the most educated rock crystal.—*Boyes.*

☞ Why should man be so terrified at the admission of night air into any of his apartments? It is nature's ever flowing current, and never carries the destroying angel with it. See how soundly the delicate little wren and tender robin sleep under its full and immediate influence, and how fresh, and vigorous, and joyous they rise amid the surrounding dewdrops of the morning. Although exposed all night long to the air of heaven, their lungs are never out of order; and this we know by the daily repetition of their song.—*Waterton.*

☞ Those real gems of thought, that shine like stars in the night, were not struck out at a heat, as sparks from a blacksmith's anvil are, but fashioned and polished with a patient and a weary and an aching head and heart.

☞ A man has a shrewd suspicion that age has overtaken him when he keeps assuring you that he feels as young as ever, and he doesn't know but—*younger*. Poor fellow! he whistles to keep his courage up; but, alas! he cannot recall youth as he calls his pointer—with a whistle.

GADALL GLEANINGS.

REPORTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ERAW.

How Aunty Scranton Received that Hateful Cousin Josephine.

Why, my beloved Cousin Josephine, how *dew* you dew? I'm so despert glad to see you. This is really a most sudding an' onexpected pleasure. I'm sure I didn't think o' seein' *you* here to day. Why, 'twas only a day or two sense 'at I was a talkin' to Sookie, my darter, about you, an' tellin' her what gret friends we mst to be, an' how much I *did want* to see you—an' lo! an' behold here you be just when I was wantin' to see you most. Wall, I dew declare, you're the same old sixpence yit, only you've growed the brighter by wearin'. Why, Josephine, I don't see but what you look jest as young an' as hansome as you did when you was married. An' this is your dear husband! How do dew Mister Willis? I'm pertickerly happy to have the delightsome task to welcome you an' yourn to Gadall. An' these is your childun, both on 'em? Little dears! ah! what d'ye call the darlin's names? "Elling Victory an' Marster Ollbut?" what pooty names. The boy's name ain't Prince Ollbut, is it? Pity it warn't; it dorter been. Then you'd a had a Prince Ollbut an' a Queen Victory in your family. But what sweet little treasures your childun is, Cousin Josephine. I must make 'em a'quainted with my darter. Soosan, this is your darlin' little cousin, Elling Victory Willis; an' this is your cousin, Prince Ollbut Willis. I must call him prince, he looks so much like one with them gret black eyes, an' noble featers, an' beautiful velvit jacket an' trowsers. Hope you'll git a'quainted dears, and' feel yourselfs to hum. Have you rid clean all the way from Boating? What, today? Wall, I declare! Ain't you tired? you must be despert wearisome I should think. Why, ain't it more'n a hour's ride from here ta Boating? "Jest about three hours?" An' now its most 'leven o'clock by Malerky's watch. Wall I say for't, you must a started airly. "You did, an' so come rayther slow to see the country?" Wall, I don't blame ye. It's a most delightsome way to take rides through the country so, an' see what's to be seen. I'm goin' to try to pervail on Bennydad to take sich a trip some time this comin' summer. It's rayther airly in the season now to suit *my* idees o' ruralizin.

Cousin Willis, hadn't you better let your driver put his hosses in the barn, an' jest give 'em some oats? Lor! no, you shan't do no sich a thing as to send 'em to the liberty stable; we've got plenty of accommodations an' plenty o' room in our barn, for Bennydad's away jest now with his team; but I 'xpect him home every minnit, an' oh, he'll be so delighted to see his dear relations 'at he hain't seen in these ever so many years.—What! you *will* send 'em to the liberty stable? Wall, ef you *will*, why then I s'pose I must let *ye*, ef I dew it ever so onreluctantly. These men, Cousin Josephine, is allers bound to have their own way; leastwise, that's the way with Bennydad—ef he takes a notion, you can't turn him from it no more 'n you can turn a flapjack with a knittin' needle. But 't's so onfortait 'at my Malerky's away! You see he's off on a give book agency; don't 'xpect him hum much short of a week. He'll be so sorry when he comes hum to find 'at he's missed o' seein' you. He thinks a despirt sight o' his relations, my Malerky does.

Now, cousin Josephine, you must a got clean strayed away to find yourself away up here out o' the world, as a body may say; wall, that's right. I love to see folks take some pains to come an' see old friends 'at they've knowed an' sot by in former time—in times of old lang zing, as the poet gracefully says. Do you love poetry, Muster Ellis? "Extremely fond out?" Yis; wall, I should a perdicted as much jest only by lookin' at your physiology. I think there's a gret eel to be knowed about folks at fust sight by studyin' their physiology, don't you, cousin Willis? I find it a very edifyin' an' improvin' science to study, myself. An' what do you think, cousin Willis—I *must* call you cousin, tew, for it's tew distant an' reserved like to Mister and Miss relations—what do you think o' the sister science o' fresnology? Don't you think it's a grand an' astonishin' invention? What! "Almost equal to the massive science o' noseology?" Noseology? Land o' massy! what 's that? now dew tell what kind of a new fangled convention noseology is? Why, you don't say! "A science 'at helps folks to read the character of others by the shape an' size o' their noses?" Now, cousin Willis, be you a jokin' or not, I dew desire to know? "Never was more in siruist!" Then there *is* really sich a science as noseology, is there? Wall, pray dew throw some light ont. What does them noses signify 'at 's straight, an' what kind of character may be expected from a crookid one? "Crookid or straight the characters is jes like the noses?" Wall, ef that don't beat all my fust wive's relations! Now sposen a body has a what they call a Roman nose, what kind o' person be they? "Bold an' fierce?" An' what does them noses signify 'at 's sharp an' thin, an' peekid, an' turned up kinder at the end? "Them's the sort 'at 's allers peekin' into everybody's mess!" Land o' Goshen! how queer! Why I never should a thought o' knowin' so much about people by their noses. Why this new science o' noseology beats fresnology all to nothin', cause you have to feel a body's bumps, which you can't often git a chance to dew when you want to study character; but, lor! a nose is allers in sight, an' nobody can't pervent a body's takin' observations; so 't a body may be really an' truly said to carry their character labelled on their faces. Wall, all these things is wonderful. There's a gret sight in this world 'at we don't more 'n half understand; as the poet so aptly expresses it.

"There's more strings in heaven and earth, Lorenso,
Than men has dreamt in their philosophy."

An' now, my dear cousins, I must leave Sookie to entertain you, an' git you to excuse me while I go an' see how our Irish gal is gittin' along with the dinner. She's a young Irish gal—our Bridget Jane—one 'at I took from the poor 'us some years ago, out o' charity, fur her folks had all catched a contagion soon arter they come to live in our town, an' died an' left nothin' as you may say for her, an' she went to the poor 'us to stay till they could see what was best to be done with her, an' so I up an' offered her a home with me, an' I've tried to give her some kind of a bringin' up, an' done the best I could by her, but lor, 't ain't much use. She plagues me eenajest to death. Sometimes I'm afeard she'll run away, poor thing, an' ef she did, there's no knowin' what would ever become of her. Nobody wouldn't care for her as *I* dew. But I must hurry away to the kitchen now. (In the kitchen.) Bridget Jane, put on your shawl an' sunbunnet, an' run up to the markit as quick as lightnin', an' git me three pounds o' beefsteak, an' tell old Mr. Sawyer not to put no bones in it, for I won't pay fur no bones with beefsteak. Ef I pay fur meat I want meat, an' when I want bones I'll buy 'em.—An' then you stop in at the baker's an' git me a loaf o' baker's bread—mind, git new—an' don't you pocket none o' the change ef there's any left—an' do you be back in less 'n no time. Hurry, now, you Irish scapegoat. (To herself while seeing to the "puddin'.") That good for nothin' Ollbut nudged his sassy sister when we was a talkin' about noseology, an' whispered 'at *my* nose turned up awfully. I'm mad as I can be. I'd knock him into the middle o' next week, ef I had a fair chance. I'd shake him within an inch o' his life ef I dared to. 'Twould do me good, declare it would!—An' that abominable Josephine! I hate her now wuss 'n ever. I can't bear the idee o' Bennydad's seein' her, she's so grand an' nice, an' takes on sich airs. I wonder they hadn't gone to the hotel an' put up, an' then called on us; as we hain't seen each other none in so many years. But I s'pose it's all fur the best 'at they've come here instid o' goin' to the hotel. It'll give us some consequince among the neighbors, an' that's *some* remuneration fur the trouble an' expense of entertainin' on 'em.—Wonder how long they calc'late to stay? It'll take lots o' beds to 'commodate 'em all—an' that nigger! s'pose I'll have to furnish a bed fur *him*. He shall sleep in the garret, any way. He shan't have no better place in *my* house. I hate the very sight o' niggers.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ DECAY OF GRANITE.—At a recent meeting of the Society of Arts, when Mr. Burnett read a paper on the decay of building stones, Mr. Robert Hunt denied the accuracy of the prevailing theory that granite decayed through the decomposition of the felspar.

☞ When Sir Humphrey Davy was in Sicily, he was studying geology, and the rap and clatter of his hammer among the rocks astonished the Catanian peasants, who accounted him mad. They told their priest of the danger from the maniac, but Davy had seen the priest before them; his reverence quietly intimated to the peasants that it was a foreign gentleman from a far off land, who was practising a penance! Davy was then regarded by the Catanians as a saint.

"Oh! when a young bachelor woos a young maid,
Who's eager to go and yet willing to stay,
She sighs and she blushes, and looks half afraid,
Yet loses no word that her lover can say.
She dares not say yes, and she cannot say no.
Oh, a perilous thing is this blarney."

☞ J. Scott Russell, the builder of the Great Eastern, says the cost of running the ship is £2 per mile. According to this statement the ship can never pay.

☞ A popular divine tells a good story as a hit at those kind of Christians who are too indolent to pursue the duties required of them by their faith. He says that one pious gentleman composed a fervent prayer to the Almighty, wrote it out legibly, and affixed the manuscript to his bed-post. Then on cold nights, he merely pointed to the document, and with the words "Oh, Lord, those are my sentiments!" blew out the light and nestled amid the blankets.

☞ Dr. Johnson left it on record, that as he was passing by a fishmonger who was skinning an eel, he heard him curse it because it would not lie still!

☞ A Quaker, having sold a fine-looking but blind horse, asked the purchaser—

"Well, my friend, dost thou see any fault in him?"

"No," was the answer.

"Neither will he ever see any in thee," said Broadbrim.

☞ MAXIMS BY A MISANTHROPE.—The last place in which I should look for the milk of human kindness is, the *pale* of civilization. How to keep your friends: Never ask any of them to do you a service.

☞ CHANCE TO "SELL OUT."—A man who is tired of his wife has only to take her to Japan. A traveller, who went there lately, accompanied by his wife, had several good offers for her, in money!

☞ An editor in Michigan, talking of corn, professes to have a couple of ears fifteen inches long. Some folks are remarkable for the length of their ears.

☞ It is announced as a cheering sign of the progress of civilization among the Indians, that the Cherokee natives have a debt and are unable to pay the interest upon it.

☞ Practice flows from principle; for as a man thinks, so he will act.

☞ One halfpenny a day will buy food in China sufficient to enable a man to "live comfortably."

☞ The sunshine that makes the grass green and beautiful, nurtures and invigorates the snake in it.

☞ In making an estimate of man or woman, don't take the dress into consideration. 'Tis the value of the blade that you inquire into, not of the scabbard.

☞ The number of sea-going vessels in the world is about eighty-five thousand, of which two-thirds belong to England and the United States.

☞ It was a law of the ancient Britons, that no one should be permitted to guide a plough until he could make one.

☞ Many are vain of their high living. But if a man becomes honorable by eating, how much more honorable is the worm that eats *him*.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE CARS.

There were five of us—yes, five of as happy fellows as were ever let loose from college. It was vacation, and we concluded to take a trip to the Falls. We got aboard at N———, and were soon travelling rapidly towards our destination.

We had just seated ourselves and prepared for a comfortable smoke, when in came the conductor, and who should it be but our old friend, Fred B———. After the common salutations, "How are you, old fellow?" etc., etc., had passed, Fred remarked he had some business for us to attend to.

"Out with it, old chum," said we, "anything at all will be acceptable, so let us have it."

"Well, boys," said Fred, in a very confidential tone, "in the next car there is as loving a pair as was my lot to see. They are going down to A——— to get married, and now, if you can have any fun over it, just pitch in.—They must be cared for, and I don't know who can do it better than you."

In a moment Fred was gone, and we set our heads together to form a plan for "taking care of the lovers."

"I have it, boys," said Bill Seevers; "we must make that girl think that her lover is married—"

"That's it, Bill Seevers—that's it," said we, not giving him time to finish the sentence.

"That he is a married man and the father of children," said Bill.

"That's the game, boys, now let me play it."

It devolved upon me to commence operations. Accordingly I entered the car in which we were informed the lovers were. The girl thinking, I suppose, that she must give her lover all the seat, had taken a seat on his knee; and he, for the purpose of protecting her, of course, had thrown his arm around her waist; and so they sat, in real soft, loving style.

All this I gathered at a glance. Stepping up to them, I said:

"Why, Jones, what in the deuce are you doing with this girl?"

"The girl arose hastily and seated herself on the seat.

"See here, stranger," said the fellow, "you are a mite mistaken; my name ain't Jones!"

"Why, Jones," said I, "you certainly have not left your wife and children, and tried to palm yourself off for a single man, have you?"

"I tell you my name ain't Jones—it's Harper! It never was Jones; 'tain't a goin' to be."

I merely shook my head, and passed on to another seat, to see the rest of the fun. The girl looked "wild" after I sat down; but Jones alias Harper soon convinced her that I was mistaken.

About the time they got to feeling quite well again, in came El Gregg. Walking up to Harper, he accosted him with:

"Why, Jones, you here? How did you leave your wife and babies?"

"Now, see here, stranger, you ain't the first man that's called me Jones to day, an' I must look awfully like him; but I ain't Jones. I hain't got a wife, nor babies either, but this 'ere gal an' me is a goin' to splice, an' then you can talk about my wife, and I wouldn't wonder but what, in the course of time, you might talk about the babies, too; but you mustn't call me Jones."

This retort brought forth vociferous laughter from the spectators, and it also brought blushes to the face of "the girl that was goin' to be spliced."

"Ah, Jones," said Gregg, "you will regret this in the future. I really pity your poor wife and children, and this poor girl."

"So, Mr. Harper, your real name is Jones, is it, an' you have been foolin' me, have you? Well, we ain't spliced yet; and I don't think we will be very soon," said the girl, and her eyes fairly flashed with fire.

"Jane, Jane," said Harper, "don't you know I'm Bill Harper? Thar ain't a darn drop of Jones blood in me, and I'll prove it."

At this moment, Jeff Jackson, Bill Seevers and Jim Byers entered, and of course their attention was called to Harper by his loud talking. They stepped up to him and said:

"Why, Jones, what is all this fuss about?"

This was more than Harper could stand. He leaped upon a seat.

"Now," said he, "my name ain't Jones, and I can lick any feller that says it is."

By this time we had got to A———, and Fred came into the car and made Bill Harper keep quiet. The girl that wouldn't be "spliced" requested Fred to help her on the train that was going back to N———, which he did, and the notorious Jones, alias Harper, followed. We heard af erwards that he proved himself to be Bill Harper instead of Bill Jones, and he and his gal got "spliced."

THE FIGHT BETWEEN HEENAN AND SAYERS.—This disgraceful affair, which the English authorities seem to have winked at, took place early on the morning of the 17th of April. It had lasted two hours and eight minutes, when the excitement became so great that the crowd broke down the barriers and the police interposed, leaving the fight undecided.

Both the combatants were dreadfully injured, and Heenan was nearly blind.

Opinions are divided as to who was the best fighter, if it is a matter of any consequence.—Thirty-seven rounds were fought, both combatants evincing a "pluck" worthy of a nobler cause. Bell's Life accuses Heenan of unfair conduct in the rounds fought after the withdrawal of the referee.

——The accounts would lead to the belief that the ring was broken up, because Heenan seemed to have so decided an advantage. Among those present, the *London Times* says, were eighty-seven noblemen, and a minister from Cambridge—gentlemen of all ranks—members of both Houses in plenty—authors, poets, painters, soldiers, and clergymen. A fact full of disgrace to England.

THE CHARLESTON CONVENTION.—As we go to press, we have nothing decisive from Charleston. The vote has not yet been taken even on the platform. A great deal of excitement and feeling have characterized the proceedings so far.

THE latest news of Florence Nightingale is, that she is so weak that she is compelled to remain in a recumbent position.

THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN.

In the town of Reggio, in Italy, there formerly lived a rich old usurer, who had passed sixty odd years of his life without ever being troubled by the vagaries of Cupid, when all at once the little god, as if in revenge for the length of time the old man had defied his power, inspired him with a violent passion for a pretty orphan of good family, but so reduced in circumstances that she lived by needlework. Believing that gold was all-powerful, he made his proposals with very little ceremony; but Bianca, as virtuous as she was pretty, repulsed him with indignation. He then tried the effect of his darling gold upon an aunt with whom she lived, but without any better success. Aunt and niece were alike inexorable: the former became ten times more vigilant than ever over her young charge, and the latter completely secluded herself, never appearing even at her window. All this severity, however, did not daunt the usurer, who, judging by his own heart, supposed it was a feint to enhance the price of her favors. He accordingly employed an old woman to plead his cause with her, and she readily undertook, on the promise of a handsome sum, to render her propitious to his wishes.

The old woman soon found, however, that her task was a hopeless one; but, not willing to lose the promised reward, she contrived to amuse Brandini, from time to time, with hopes which she very well knew to be vain. By these means she extracted from him a little money; but, impatient at the smallness of her gains, she determined to venture upon a bold stroke, in order to make the old usurer draw his purse-strings.

"Good news!" cried she one day, coming to him with joy in her face, "your pretty Bianca is at last inclined to be more kind. Her aunt is gone to visit a sick friend, and will not return to-night; and if she sees you under her windows about eleven o'clock, there is no knowing whether she may not be tempted to let you in."

The delighted usurer made the old woman a handsome present, and did not fail to repair to the appointed spot before the hour agreed upon. He walked up and down for some time in vain; so full of the hopes he had conceived, that he did not perceive he was an object of attention to a man wrapped up in a cloak, who watched all his motions. This was a young student, who was also an admirer of Bianca, but without any better success than our usurer. Till now, he had considered his mistress's virtue as the cause of her disdain, but the sight of Brandini put other notions in h's head; he had, as he believed, a rival, and he determined to discover who he was, and to seek revenge.

During some time, Brandini waited patiently enough; he then began to cough, hem, and give sundry tokens of his approach; finding these all disregarded, and it being past midnight, he determined to climb up to the balcony.

No sooner did he begin to climb, than the student, regarding it as a confirmation of all his suspicions, snatched up a stone, and flung it with all his force at Brandini, whom it hit on his forehead, and he fell back on the pavement, and expired.

The student, who had acted from the impulse of the moment, was equally grieved and alarmed at the consequence of his imprudence. He fled from the spot—but, before he had gone far, he began to reflect on the risk he ran if the body should be found before the door of a woman of whom he was known to be enamored. He thought that the best plan he could follow to secure himself from suspicion, would be to remove the corpse to some distance. Accordingly he returned, lifted the body on his shoulders—after first wiping the blood from the forehead—carried it some distance, and placing it upright against the first door he came to, hastened away. But he strove in vain to quiet the tumult of his mind; and apprehending that his guilt would be discovered, he quitted the town.

It so chanced that the house against which the student had placed the corpse, belonged to an old captain, one of the most captious and quarrelsome inhabitants of the city. He was in the habit of sitting up late, and happening to go to the window just before he retired to bed, he saw by the light of the moon, which was then just risen, a man leaning against the door. "What are you doing there?" cried he, in an authoritative tone. The other, of course, made no answer. The captain repeated his question; and incensed at receiving no reply, he swore a round oath that if the intruder did not instantly quit his door he would give him a good drubbing.

Finding his threat ineffectual, he hastily descended to put it into execution. No sooner had he opened the door than the corpse lost its balance and fell upon him. Conceiving himself about to be attacked, the sturdy old veteran seized the supposed assassin by the throat, threw him down, and began to belabor him with all his might. At last, seeing that the other lay still, and neither struggled nor spoke, he became alarmed, tried to raise the man, and soon perceived that he was dead.

His affright and horror were increased on finding that it was the usurer to whom he owed a large sum of money. For some moments he gave himself up as lost; but the possibility of concealing his crime presently occurred to him. He took the unfortunate usurer upon his shoulders, crossed two or three streets, and placed him against a column under the gateway of a magnificent mansion belonging to a young nobleman. He then made off as fast as he could, and returned, hoping that he had secured himself from discovery. He tried to comfort himself for what had happened, by reflecting that it was the man's own fault, and that the crime of murder could not with justice be imputed to him, since he had no intention of committing it; but all his endeavors could not stifle his terror and his remorse.

Soon after the captain had placed the usurer against the column, the nobleman returned home, and seeing Brandini standing between him and his door, ordered him to get out of his way. The other not replying, and continuing motionless, the nobleman seized him by the collar, gave him a violent shake, and suddenly loosing his hold, the unfortunate usurer fell, of course, to the ground. The nobleman, perceiving that he did not move, concluded that he was drunk. He first tried to assist him to rise. In stooping for that purpose, he perceived that Brandini was dead, and naturally concluded that it was either the shake or the fall that had killed him.

On examining the corpse, he found, with grief and surprise, that it was that of the usurer, with whom he was publicly known to be at enmity, in consequence of some judicial proceedings that Brandini had instituted against him for the recovery of a debt. Believing, therefore, that his own safety might be compromised if the body was found before his door, he raised it on his shoulders, and carrying it into the street where the captain lived, placed it in a leaning attitude against his very door.

Not long afterwards, the veteran, unable to rest, came again to his window. What was his horror and astonishment when he perceived the usurer close to his door! At first he thought it was the ghost of the murdered man; but in a few moments the truth flashed upon his mind, and he determined to take a desperate method of ridding himself of this evidence of his crime.

He went down stairs, brought the corpse into his house, dressed it completely in an Algerine habit that he had taken in the field of battle when those barbarians made a descent upon Reggio some years before, clapped a turban upon its head, placed it upon a horse, to which he took care to tie it with a strong rope, and then leading the horse by the bridle to the gate of the town, he abandoned the steed to its fate; trusting by these means to extricate himself from the dilemma in which he was.

The animal, left thus to its own guidance, followed the high road for a considerable time; at last it stopped to graze, and at that moment the student, who, unfortunately for himself, was travelling in the same direction, came up. No sooner did he distinguish the dress of the horseman, than he took to flight without daring to look behind him; believing, probably, that the Moors had made a new descent, and that he was about to be surrounded by them.

But, in flying, the poor student reckoned without his host; for he, too, happened to be mounted, and the quicker he went, the faster his pursuer galloped after him; in vain did he put spurs to his steed; with all his efforts, he could keep little ahead of his adversary.

After proceeding in this way about three miles, the runaway began to take heart, when he saw that his pursuer was not joined by any others of this terrible nation. He found that, in a few moments, the Algerine would certainly overtake him, and he thought that, perhaps, he might daunt him by assuming a show of bravery. Accordingly, he faced round with a determined air, and called to his redoubtable adversary to take another way, or take the consequence.

Instead of stopping, the Algerine galloped furiously up, and the student, who waited for him sword in hand, severed, at one blow, his head from his body; the head, in falling, dropped from the turban, and discovered to the astonished student the features of his victim.

Horror-struck at this terrible sight, he turned his horse, and galloped like a madman; but finding himself still pursued by the headless horseman, he directly conceived that he was the prey of an evil spirit; terror then gave him strength; he flew rather than galloped, till he reached a small town, where he was stopped, as well as his formidable pursuer. He was immediately taken before the justice of the peace, to whom he made a voluntary confession of his guilt; but the affair appeared so singular, that it was referred to the Duke of Reggio, who, setting on foot a strict inquiry, soon discovered all the circumstances of the affair; and as it was apparent that neither the student, nor the other persons concerned in it, had been intentionally guilty of murder, they were all pardoned.

PARTING.

Lay my head on thy loving breast,
There alone hath it perfect rest;

There do its painful throbbings cease,
While in their stead comes sweetest peace.

Thou art with me, and I with thee,
But thus it cannot always be.

One must go mourning of love bereft,
One must be taken, the other left.

Thou could'st not live in this world alone;
I should be wretched if thou wert gone.

How could'st thou lay me off thy breast,
Into the cold tomb's lonely rest?

How could I turn away from thee,
When this earth should thy pillow be?

Unto that sleep in the grave so low,
If but together we might go,

Calmly then could I yield my breath,
Fearing no more the sting of death.

ORIGIN OF THE PENDULUM AND TELESCOPE.—In 1682, Galileo, then a youth of eighteen, was seated in the Cathedral of Pisa, when the lamps suspended from the roof were replenished by the sacristan, who, in doing so, caused them to oscillate from side to side, as they had done hundreds of times before when similarly disturbed. He watched the lamps and thought he perceived that while the oscillations were diminishing, they still occupied the same time. The idea thus suggested never departed from his mind, and fifty years afterwards he constructed the first pendulum, thus gave the world one of most important instruments for the measurement of time. Afterwards, when living at Venice, it was reported to him one day that the children of a poor spectacle-maker, while playing with two glasses, had observed, as they had expressed it, that things were brought nearer by looking through them in a certain position. Everybody said how curious, but Galileo seized the idea and invented the first telescope.

☞ A milkman somewhat resembles the whale that swallowed Jonah, for he takes a great prophet (profit) out of the water.

NOTES ON NURSING:

AND

The Best Means of Preserving Health.

BY FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

AS TO DIARRHŒA.—The question is sometimes put, Is there diarrhœa? And the answer will be the same, whether it is just merging into cholera, whether it is a trifling degree brought on by some trifling indiscretion, which will cease the moment the cause is removed, or whether there is no diarrhœa at all, but simply relaxed bowels.

It is useless to multiply instances of this kind. As long as observation is so little cultivated as it is now, I do believe that it is better for the physician *not* to see the friends of the patient at all. They will oftener mislead him than not. And as often by making the patient out worse as better than he really is.

In the case of infants, *everything* must depend upon the accurate observation of the nurse or mother who has to report. And how seldom is this condition of accuracy fulfilled.

MEANS OF CULTIVATING SOUND AND READY OBSERVATION.—A celebrated man, though celebrated only for foolish things, has told us that one of his main objects in the education of his son, was to give him a ready habit of accurate observation, a certainty of perception, and that for this purpose one of his means was a month's course as follows:—He took the boy rapidly past a toy-shop; the father and son then described to each other as many of the objects as they could, which they had seen in passing the windows, noting them down with pencil and paper, and returning afterwards to verify their own accuracy. The boy always succeeded best, *e.g.*, if the father described 30 objects, the boy did 40, and scarcely ever made a mistake.

I have often thought how wise a piece of education this would be for much higher objects; and in our calling of nurses the thing itself is essential. For it may safely be said, not that the habit of ready and correct observation will by itself make us useful nurses, but that without it we shall be useless with all our devotion.

I have known a nurse in charge of a set of wards, who not only carried in her head all the little varieties in the diets which each patient was allowed to fix for himself, but also exactly what each patient had taken during each day. I have known another nurse in charge of one single patient, who took away his meals day after day all but untouched, and never knew it.

If you find it helps you to note down such things on a bit of paper, in pencil, by all means do so. I think it more often lames than strengthens the memory and observation. But if you cannot get the habit of observation one way or other, you had better give up the being a nurse, for it is not your calling, however kind and anxious you may be.

Surely you can learn at least to judge with the eye how much an oz. of solid food is, how much an oz. of liquid. You will find this helps your observation and memory very much, you will then say to yourself,—"A. took about an ounce of his meat to-day;" "B. took three times in 24 hours about ½ pint of beef tea;" instead of saying "B. has taken nothing all day," or "I gave A. his dinner as usual."

SOUND AND READY OBSERVATION ESSENTIAL IN A NURSE.—I have known several of our real old-fashioned hospital "sisters," who could, as accurately as a measuring-glass, measure out all their patients' wine and medicine by the eye, and never be wrong. I do not recommend this; one must be very sure of one's self to do it. I only mention it, because if a nurse can by practice measure medicine by the eye, surely she is no nurse who cannot measure by the eye about how much food (in oz.) her patient has taken.* In hospitals those who cut up the diets give with sufficient accuracy, to each patient, his 12 oz. or his 6 oz. or his 5 oz. of meat without weighing. Yet a nurse will often have patients loathing all food and incapable of any will to get well, who just tumble over the contents of the plate or dip the spoon in the cup to deceive the nurse, and she will take it away without ever seeing that there is just the same quantity of food as when she brought it, and she will tell the doctor, too, that the patient has eaten all his diets as usual, when all she ought to have meant is that she has taken away his diets as usual.

Now what kind of a nurse is this?

DIFFERENCE OF EXCITABLE AND ACCUMULATIVE TEMPERAMENTS.—I would call attention to something else, in which nurses frequently fail in observation. There is a well-marked distinction between the excitable and what I will call the *accumulative* temperament in patients. One will blaze up at once, under any shock or anxiety, and sleep very comfortably after it; another will seem quite calm, and even torpid, under the same shock, and people say, "He hardly felt it at all," yet you will find him some time after slowly sinking. The same remark applies to the action of narcotics, of aperients, which, in the one, take effect directly, in the other not perhaps for twenty-four hours. A journey, a visit, an unwonted exertion, will affect the one immediately, but he recovers after it; the other bears it very well at the time, apparently, and dies or is prostrated for life by it. People often say how difficult the excitable temperament is to manage. I say how difficult is the *accumulative* temperament. With the first you have an outbreak which you could anticipate, and it is all over. With the second you never know where you are—you never know when the consequences are over. And it requires your closest observation to know what *are* the consequences of what—for the consequent by no means follows immediately upon the antecedent—and coarse observation is utterly at fault.

SUPERSTITION THE FRUIT OF BAD OBSERVATION.—Almost all superstitions are owing to bad observation, to the *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*; and bad observers are almost all superstitious. Farmers used to attribute disease among cattle to witchcraft; weddings have been attributed to seeing one magpie, deaths to seeing three; and I have heard the most highly educated now-a-days draw consequences for the sick closely resembling these.

PHYSIOGNOMY OF DISEASE LITTLE SHOWN BY THE FACE.—Another remark: although there is unquestionably a physiognomy of disease as well as of health; of all parts of the body, the face is perhaps the one which tells the least to the common observer or the casual visitor. Because, of all parts of the body, it is the one most exposed to other influences, besides health. And people never, or scarcely ever, observe enough to know how to distinguish between the effect of exposure, of robust health, of a tender skin, of a tendency to congestion, of suffusion, flushing, or many other things. Again, the face is often the last to show emaciation. I should say that the hand was a much surer test than the face, both *as to flesh, color, circulation, &c., &c. It is* true that there are *some* diseases which are only betrayed at all by something in the face, *e. g.*, the eye or the tongue, as great irritability of brain by the appearance of the pupil of the eye. But we are talking of casual, not minute, observation. And few minute observers will hesitate to say that far more untruth than truth is conveyed by the oft-repeated words, He *looks* well, or ill, or better or worse.

Wonderful is the way in which people will go upon the slightest observation, or often upon no observation at all, or upon some *sure* which the world's experience, if it had any, would have pronounced utterly false long ago.

I have known patients dying of sheer pain, exhaustion, and want of sleep, from one of the most lingering and painful diseases known, preserve, till within a few days of death, not only the healthy color of the cheek, but the mottled appearance of a robust child. And scores of times have I heard these unfortunate creatures assailed with, "I am glad to see you looking so well." "I see no reason why you should not live till ninety years of age." "Why don't you take a little more exercise and amusement," with all the other commonplaces with which we are so familiar.

There is, unquestionably, a physiognomy of disease. Let the nurse learn it.

The experienced nurse can always tell that a person has taken a narcotic the night before by the patchiness of the color about the face, when the reaction of depression has set in; that very color which the inexperienced will point to as a proof of health.

There is, again, a faintness, which does not betray itself by the color at all, or in which the patient becomes brown instead of white. There is a faintness of another kind which, it is true, can always be seen by the paleness.

But the nurse seldom distinguishes. She will talk to the patient who is too faint to move, without the least scruple, unless he is pale, and unless, luckily for him, the muscles of the throat are affected and he loses his voice.

Yet these two faintnesses are perfectly distinguishable, by the mere countenance of the patient.

PECULIARITIES OF PATIENTS.—Again, the nurse must distinguish between the idiosyncracies of patients. One likes to suffer out all his suffering alone, to be as little looked after as possible. Another likes to be perpetually made much of and pitied, and to have some one always by him. Both these peculiarities might be observed and indulged much more than they are. For quite as often does it happen that a busy attendance is forced upon the first patient, who wishes for nothing but to be "let alone," as that the second is left to think himself neglected. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

* It may be too broad an assertion, and it certainly sounds like a paradox. But I think that in no country are women to be found so deficient in ready and sound observation as in England, while peculiarly capable of being trained to it. The French or Irish woman is too quick of perception to be so sound an observer—the Teuton is too slow to be so ready an observer as the English woman might be. Yet English women lay themselves open to the charge so often made against them by men, viz.: that they are not to be trusted in handicrafts to which their strength is quite equal, for want of a practised and steady observation. In countries where women (with average intelligence certainly not superior to that of English women) are employed, *e. g.*, in dispensing, men responsible for what these women do (not theorizing about man's and woman's "missions,") have stated that they preferred the service of women to that of men, as being more exact, more careful, and incurring fewer mistakes of inadvertence.

Now certainly English women are peculiarly capable of attaining to this.

I remember, when a child, hearing the story of an accident, related by some one who sent two girls to fetch a "bottle of sal-volatile from her room;" "Mary could not stir," she said, "Fanny ran and fetched a bottle that was not sal-volatile, and that was not in my room."

Now this sort of thing pursues every one through life. A woman is asked to fetch a large new bound red book, lying on the table by the window, and she fetches five small old boarded brown books lying on the shelf by the fire. And this, though she has "put that room to rights" every day for a month perhaps, and must have observed the books every day, lying in the same places, for a month, if she had any observation.

Habitual observation is the more necessary, when any sudden call arises. If "Fanny" had observed "the bottle of sal-volatile" in "the aunt's room," every day she was there, she would more probably have found it when it was suddenly wanted.

There are two causes for these mistakes of inadvertence. 1. A want of ready attention; only a part of the request is heard at all. 2. A want of the habit of observation.

To a nurse I would add, take care that you always put the same things in the same places; you don't know how suddenly you may be called on some day to find something, and may not be able to remember in your haste where you yourself had put it, if your memory is not in the habit of seeing the thing there always.

AN APRIL SONG.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Hebe of months, sweet April,
Delicate, fresh, divine!
Fain would I sing thy halcyon
Show'rs, and thy faint sunshine,

The scent of thy budding orchards,
The virginal blush of green,
Thy winds that wrinkle the brookiets,
And tremble young leaves between;—

But how may thy floating shadows
And rainy lights be sung?
Oh, had I, fair month of caprices,
True poet's melodious tongue,

Then were the song I am singing,
Of thee, sweet April, a part;
Alive with thy magical beauty,
And with the warmth of my heart.

FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

THE INDIAN ART OF TRACKING.

I know of nothing in the woodman's education of so much importance, or so difficult to acquire, as the art of trailing or tracking men and animals. To become an adept in this art requires the constant practice of years, and with some men a lifetime does not suffice to learn it. * * I remember, upon one occasion, as I was riding with a Delaware upon the prairies, we crossed the trail of a large party of Indians travelling with lodges. The tracks appeared to me quite fresh, and I remarked to the Indian that we must be near the party. "Oh, no," said he, "the trail was made two days before, in the morning," at the same time pointing with his finger to where the sun would be at about eight o'clock. Then, seeing that my curiosity was excited to know by what means he arrived at this conclusion, he called my attention to the fact that there had been no dew for the last two nights, but that on the previous morning it had been heavy. He then pointed out to me some spears of grass that had been pressed down into the earth by the horses' hoofs, upon which the sand still adhered, having dried on, thus clearly showing that the grass was wet when the tracks were made. At another time, as I was travelling with the same Indian, I discovered upon the ground what I took to be a bear-track, with a distinctly marked impression of the heel and all the toes. I immediately called the Indian's attention to it, at the same time flattering myself that I had made quite an important discovery, which had escaped his observation. The fellow remarked with a smile, "Oh, no, captain, may be so he not bear-track." He then pointed with his gun-rod to some spears of grass that grew near the impression, but I did not comprehend the mystery until he dismounted and explained to me that, when the wind was blowing, the spears of grass would be bent over toward the ground, and the oscillating motion thereby produced would scoop out the loose sand into the shape I have described. The truth of this explanation was apparent, yet it occurred to me that *its solution would have baffled the wits of most white men.*—*Captain Marcy.*

SOME HIDDEN WANT.

'Tis strange that from some hidden want
The life-warm stream of love should spring,
That though resemblances be scant,
We love in differing.
All through the wide domain of Earth
The eternal law abideth good
That sweetly linked by common birth,
Though scarcely understood.
The elder sister loves the child,
The weak the strong, the calm the wild;
By gentle streams in meadows low
The poplar rears its pride;
The little heath where fresh winds blow
Loveth the upland wide;
The mountain from its rugged breast
The little brooklet feeds,
The broad stream, well-nigh tired, to rest,
Creeps through the level meads;
The simple child with trustful look
Comes to the lap of age,
The old man closing life's long book
Deems that the sweetest page,
So fresh, so bright, so undefiled,
Was childhood's first, and draws the child
Home to his aged heart again,
Simple through knowledge and through pain,
And links together all the seven,
The ages that are nearest Heaven.

EDMUND SANDERS.

GLUTTONY.—The rich man's mode of living is preposterous. Mixtures, and spices, and wines are the ruin of half the stomachs in the world. Just see. You take at dinner, soup; a glass or two of lime punch, perhaps; turbot and rich lobster sauce, with, it may be, an oyster *pate*, or a sweetbread, to amuse yourself with, while the host is cutting you a slice of the Southdown haunch; this, with jelly and French beans, is set in a ferment with a couple of glasses of champagne, to which a couple of glasses of hock or sauterne are added; a wing of a partridge, or the back of a leveret, solaced with a little red hermitage, succeeds; then you at once sit at ease, and chill your heated stomach with a piece of iced pudding, which you preposterously proceed to warm again with a glass of noyeau, or some other liqueur; if you are not disposed to cosset with a spoonful of jelly in addition, you are sure to try a bit of Stilton, and a piquant salad and a glass of port therewith. At dessert, port, sherry, and claret fill up the picture. This is about the routine of the majority of dinner parties. Now, put all these things together in a bowl, instead of the stomach, and contemplate the noxious, fermenting mess. Isn't it enough to kill an ostrich? Such a dinner is, in fact, a hospitable attempt on your life.—*Dr. Carlyon.*

☞ A physician of acrimonious disposition, who had a thorough hatred of lawyers, was in company with a barrister, and in the course of conversation reproached the profession of the latter with phrases utterly unintelligible. "For example," said he, "I never could understand what you lawyers mean by docking and entail." "That is very likely," answered the lawyer, "but I will explain it to you. It is doing what you doctors rarely consent to—suffering a recovery."

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND THE AURIST.

Being afflicted with deafness in his left ear, he applied to Mr. Stevenson, an aurist, whose operation not only failed, but placed his patient in imminent danger, from which he was saved by the timely aid of Dr. Hume. The grief and mortification of Mr Stevenson, when he heart of the results of his practice, knew no bounds. He hastened to Apsley House, and being admitted to the Duke's presence, expressed himself as any right-minded person under the circumstances would have done. But he was instantly stopped, though in the kindest manner.

"Don't say a word about it: you acted for the best; but it has been unfortunate, no doubt, for both of us; but you are not to blame."

Grateful for this reception, Mr. Stevenson went on to say—

"But it will be the ruin of me. Nobody will employ me any more, when they hear that I have been the cause of such suffering and danger to your grace."

"Why should they hear anything about it?" replied the Duke; "keep your own counsel, and depend upon it, I won't say a word to any one."

"Then your grace will allow me to attend you as usual, which will show them that you have not withdrawn your confidence from me!"

"No," replied the Duke, still kindly, but firmly, "I can't do that, for that would be a lie."

So strong, even in a case which made no common appeal to his generosity, was the Duke's love of truth. He would not act a falsehood any more than he would speak one. —*Brialmont's Life of Wellington.*

THE UNIVERSAL METAMORPHOSIS.—If a wafer be laid on a surface of polished metal, which is then breathed upon, and if, when the moisture of the breath has evaporated, the wafer be shaken off, we shall find that the whole polished surface is not as it was before, although our senses can detect no difference; for if we breathe again upon it, the surface will be moist everywhere except on the spot previously sheltered by the wafer, which will now appear as a spectral image on the surface. Again and again we breathe, and the moisture evaporates, but still the spectral wafer re-appears. This experiment succeeds after a lapse of many months, if the metal be carefully put aside where its surface cannot be disturbed. If a sheet of paper, on which a key has been laid, be exposed for some minutes to the sunshine, and then instantaneously viewed in the dark, the key being removed, a fading spectre of the key will be visible. Let this paper be put aside for many months, where nothing can disturb it, and then in darkness be laid on a plate of hot metal, the spectre of the key will again appear.—In the case of bodies more highly phosphorescent than paper, the spectres of many different objects which may have been laid on in succession, will, on warming, emerge in their *proper order. This is equally true of our bodies* and our minds. We are involved in the universal metamorphosis. Nothing leaves us wholly as it found us. Every man we meet, every book we read, every picture or landscape we see, every word or tone we hear, mingles with our being and modifies it.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE AMONG THE KAFFIRS.—Naturally, no Kaffir works; all his work is done by his wives, while he sits gossiping and smoking. The marketable value of wives as domestic slaves is so fully recognized, that it has produced a curious inversion of the ordinary customs of courtship and marriage. A Kaffir is never a suitor, and what is still worse, he never has any choice in the selection of his wives. If he is a nice young man, and an eligible match, an anxious mother is driven to have recourse to no discreditable manœuvres for the purpose of securing the great catch. She—or rather her husband—simply sends the daughter off to him, with a request that he will marry her; and he dares not refuse under peril of a death-fend. As polygamy is unlimited, he, of course, cannot plead a previous attachment; and as a wife is, by her labor, a positive source of wealth, he is not allowed to escape under the excuse of poverty. But to a race thus generally exempt from labor, a life of labor is insuperably repulsive. The colonists find that though, under the stimulus of his avarice, a Kaffir will work well for a short time, yet that, after a few weeks or months, the yearning for his old idle life is too strong for the love of money to overcome.—*Dr. Mann.*

FOOLISH THOUGHTS.—We are apt to believe in Providence so long as we have our own way; but if things go awry, then we think, if there is a God, He is in heaven, and not on earth. The cricket in the spring builds his little house in the meadow, and chirps for joy, because all is going so well with him. But when he hears the sound of the plough a few furrows off, and the thunder of the oxens' tread, then the skies begin to look dark, and his heart fails him. The plough comes crunching along, and turns his dwelling bottom side up, and as he is rolling over and over, without a home, his heart says: "Oh, the foundations of the world are destroyed, and everything is going to ruin!" But the husbandman, who walks behind his plough, singing and whistling as he goes, does he think the foundations of the world are breaking up? Why, he does not so much as know there was any house or cricket there. He thinks of the harvest that is to follow the track of the plough; and the cricket, too, if he will but wait, will find a thousand blades of grass where there was but one before. We are all like the crickets. If anything happens to overthrow *our* plans, we think all is gone to ruin.

INFLUENCE OF FICTION.—It is from true fiction—from the living products of the creative imagination—children get their first ideas of the wonderful, of a world out of nature, the supernatural and divine. True and pure fiction is the purest truth—the natural and necessary aliment for the young imagination, through the quickening of which loonly alone, the other faculties of mind and heart are best unfolded, even if they be at all unfolded in any other way.—*Dr. Oldham.*

MIA BELLA.

BY H. L. FLASH.

The maid I love has violet eyes,
And rose-leaf lips of red,
She wears the moonshine round her neck,
The sunshine round her head;
And she is rich in every grace,
And poor in every guile,
And crowned knights might envy me
The splendor of her smile.

She walks the earth with such a grace
That the lilies turn to look,
And waves rise up to catch a glance,
And stir the quiet brook;
Nor ever will they rest again,
But chafter as they flow,
And babble of her grievous sins,
And of her breast of snow.

And e'en the leaves upon the trees
Are whispering tales of her,
And rattle till they grow so warm,
That in the general stir
They twist them from the mother branch,
And through the air they fly,
Till, fainting with the love they feel,
They flutter down and die.

And, what is stronger still than all
The wonders of her grace,
Her mind's the only thing to match
The glories of her face.
Oh! she is Nature's paragon—
All innocent of art;
And she has promised me her hand,
And given me her heart.

And when the Spring again shall dress
Our glorious Southern bowers,
My love will wear a bridal veil,
A wreath of orange flowers;
And so I care not if the sun
Should founder in the sea,
For oh! the star-beam of her love
Is light enough for me.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO LADIES.

The following satirical sketch is abridged and translated or imitated from the French of M. Alphonse Karr. Of course the French writer is describing French women alone. It would be absurd to imagine that the weaknesses attributed to them by their witty compatriot, are in any way shared by the women of America. We feel it necessary to state our opinion on this point beforehand, in order to avert the wrath of our female subscribers. The scene is laid at the seaside—say Dieppe.

"It is very warm, madam."

"Very warm, indeed."

"Not so warm as yesterday, however."

"Yesterday I did not go out. I had to write to my husband, and he is never satisfied unless I cover, at least, eight pages of letter paper."

When two women meet and converse for the first time, the first thing each endeavors to establish is, that somewhere or other there exists a man who has rendered sufficient justice to her attractions to commit the folly of marrying her; then, that this man is some one very important and very rich; next to that, that he is very much struck with his wife, who is comparatively indifferent about him; and, finally, that he is completely ruled by her.

The first lady having stated that her husband requires her to send him letters eight pages long; the second feels very much inclined to say that *her* husband would blow his brains out unless he received, every day, letters sixteen pages long, but she thinks of something more ingenious.

"I do not write at all just now," she answers. "The fact is, I left Paris rather annoyed with M. de Clairval; he did not wish me to come to the sea-side, but I was determined I would. 'What can possibly make you want to shut yourself up in some miserable place by the sea,' he said to me, 'instead of passing the summer months at your chateau where you could receive your friends?' It is true that he had spent enormous sums on his estate in order to make it agreeable for me, but I had made up my mind to go to the sea-side, and off I started with no one but my maid. M. de Clairval will be annoyed for a few days, and then, all at once, he will follow me."

"As for me, I brought no *one* with me. My husband is obliged to receive during my absence; he cannot do so without his coachman, his cook, his butler, and so on, and my maid keeps the house for him. She is a very clever girl, and, as she has been a long while in the family, she can be trusted with anything."

"For my part, I never go anywhere without mine. She is very much attached to me. She has been very little in service. Before living with me, she was with the Duchess of ——, so that she thoroughly understands what a woman of a certain position requires. I spoil her a little. M. de Clairval was only saying last week, that she seemed to change her dress every day, whereas I often wear the same dress three days running."

"For my part I am not sorry to have left Paris. I passed a most dreary winter. Every day people to dinner; a party, at least, once a week, composed of persons who are, no doubt, very useful to the State, and very celebrated, but who talk nothing but politics. Then there was my husband, always at the Chamber during the day, and, when he did come home, overwhelmed with business."

"Your husband is a member of Deputies?"

"Yes," replied the other, as if she attached no sort of importance to the fact, after taking such pains to mention it.

"I am more fortunate than you in that respect. M. de Clairval will not hear a word about politics in the present state of affairs; the aristocracy keeps aloof; at the proper moment it will come forward, &c."

To hear these two ladies, you might imagine they were bird-catchers, showing what beautiful birds they had taken.

"See how clever I am," one of them says; "what beautiful feathers my bird has."

"Mine is quite as handsome," replies the other, "and how well he sings."

Then, when there is nothing more to be said about the husband, their merits, their affection, and so on, they come to positive proofs.

"That is a very pretty dress of yours."

For the affection of a husband is not demonstrated by his attention and care; all that is deceptive, and means nothing whatever. The only precise, mathematical visible proof of his love, is to be found in the victims he sacrifices to his divinity. You say your husband adores you! I am not to be taken in by mere phrases. Let me see what dresses he gives you.

"*Women only adorn themselves in order to excite one another's envy.*" (Goethe.)

The first lady has said, "That is a very pretty dress of yours."

"Merely a morning dress," is of course the answer.

"Yes, it is very nice for early in the day."

The proprietress of the dress, who had only expressed a disparaging opinion of it, in the hope of eliciting a protest, is annoyed at the other agreeing with her so readily. She loses no time in adding—"It has certainly this merit, that it is impossible to find one like it. Only one piece was made at Lyons, and I bought the whole of it."

In a woman's life, everything leads to a new dress; everything ends with a new dress; every circumstance is marked by a new dress; and the dress is always the most important point. A girl is going to be married—a dress. For a moment her heart is filled with love, thoughts of an entirely new existence, and of a long separation from her parents. Everything disappears before the all-absorbing question of the wedding dress.

A relation dies. The grief of the ladies is violent; but it is soon checked, for the morning has to be thought of. What are people wearing? What is the most fashionable mode of testifying one's sorrow? It is necessary to go to the linen-draper's to the dress-maker's, to the milliner's, and in a little while they are so thoroughly occupied, that there is quite an end to lamentation, unless, however, the dress do not happen to fit, or the bonnet be too much or too little off the head. But if the dress is made of some new material, if the bonnet is becoming, then they experience an involuntary glow; they are triumphant, they are happy.

Listen to these verses, written by a dying poet to his wife; she was a *blonde:*

"My fair one, my fair one, alas! it appears
That the doctor my speedy departure announces;
And you ask yourself wildly, with eyes full of tears,
If your first mourning dress shall be plain, or with flounces.

"For evils like these let your dark women care,
'Tis for them on the terrors of mourning to dwell,
It makes them look dingy. But you who are fair,
Will soon be consoled, black becomes you so well."

THE FIRST DEBT.

Admiral Jervis, of the British navy, afterwards Earl of St. Vincent, in telling the story of his early struggles, speaks, among other things, of his determination to keep out of debt:—"My father had a very large family," said he, "with limited means. He gave me twenty pounds sterling at starting, and that was all he ever gave me. After I had been a considerable time at the station, (at sea,) I drew for twenty more, but the bill came back protested. I was mortified at the rebuke, and made a promise, which I have ever kept, that I would never draw another bill without a certainty of its being paid. I immediately changed my mode of living, quitted my mess, lived alone, and took up the ship's allowance, which I found quite sufficient; washed and mended my own clothes; made a pair of trowsers out of the ticking of my bed; and, having by these means saved as much money as would redeem my honor, I took up my bill, and from that time to this I have taken care to keep within my means." Jervis for six years endured pinching privation, but preserved his integrity, studied his profession with success, and gradually and steadily rose by merit and bravery to the highest rank.

It is easy for a man who will exercise a healthy resolution to avoid incurring the first obligation, but the facility with which that has been incurred often becomes a temptation to a second, and very soon the unfortunate borrower becomes so entangled that no late exertion of industry can set him free. The first step in debt is like the first step in falsehood, almost involving the necessity of proceeding in the same course—debt followed debt, as lie followed lie.

HUME'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.—Mr. Burke said that Hume in compiling his History did not give himself a great deal of trouble in examining records, &c.; and that the part he most labored at was the reign of King Charles II., for whom he had an unaccountable partiality.

"Dr. Beattie, with whom I dined at Sir J. Reynolds' in July, 1787, mentioned that Mr. Hume was a very tall, large man, near six feet high, and his countenance rather vacant. All that knew him concur in opinion of his having been a very unaffected, good-humored man. He acknowledged to Mr. Boswell, that he did not take much pains in examining the old historians while writing the early part of his history. He dipped only into them, so as to make out a pleasing narrative. It is surprising, on examining any particular point, how superficial Hume is, and how many particulars are omitted that would have made his book much more entertaining; but perhaps we have no right to expect this in a general history.—*Malone.*

THE FIRST BABY.—A writer in a Sandwich Island paper thinks Eve must have been a little perplexed, when, having seen only the full grown man Adam, she was called upon to administer to the *infant* Cain. Doubtless she was a little astonished at the antics of "the little stranger," and at times found some embarrassment in managing him. She had no old nurse to consult, nor convenient Aunt Dorothy to call in. Yet the little Cain did not suffer on that account, as is evident from the fact that he grew up to a lusty youth. Every baby is a perpetual surprise—to its mother; what an astonishment, therefore, must the first baby have been to the first mother!

☞ Seeing a cellar nearly finished, a waggish author remarked, that it was an excellent foundation for a story.

HAUNTED;

OR,

THE THIRD WIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ANNA HOLLAND.

I.

A Desolate House. The Housekeeper's Daughter. A Great Disappointment.

Richard Trevor sat the second time alone in his beautiful home. In the great east room, where were lounges and easy chairs, and every suggestive of comfort that one can appreciate, the man with his white, hollow cheeks and glassy eyes, seemed doubly desolated.

The fire, leaping and dancing, made pictures, shadowy ones, while it threw in strong relief now and then the massive flames under which form and color glowed, wrought into artistic beauty. Here and there a marble form gleamed out—rich tints disclosed themselves chastly—for there was no lamp-light, only the fitful, wierd red and gold flashes leaping from oaken logs.

What was that dim, white object in one corner—so dim that it was revealed strongly only when the flame put on additional vigor—so white when it did that it shone ghastly! Only a basket-stand delicately woven, a piece of white cambric thrown over it as if to shroud it. But underneath there were tokens of what had hitherto filled this great room with life and beauty. A thimble, dainty and golden—little cushions flecked with chaste embroidery, bits of shining fabric—laces in which yet lay the slender needles that had fallen from weary fingers. Yes, that was the work basket of Carrie Trevor, the worshipped wife of eighteen months—the second bride brought into the house of his fathers by Richard Trevor, the millionaire.

Strange he could not keep his wives, the neighbors said, with many a mysterious head-shaking. He was rich enough—and they had nothing to do but enjoy themselves. There were his carriages and his horses, there was his country-house, fit for a palace—and he himself was irreproachable in his life—a good man—kind to his poor—gentle to everybody; and a better husband no woman need have.

Yet they sickened and died, both within two years after their bridal. Their graves could be seen in the new cemetery, where the choicest flowers bloomed in summer, shedding perfume without stint where no pulses beat quicker for their beauty.

Wilburton Hall, the city home of Richard Trevor, was a grand old building, bequeathed him by his mother, whose maiden name it bore. Though in the heart of a populous city, it stood in the shelter and shadow of huge trees, almost hidden from the passer by. Ivy, of nearly the growth of a century climbed its massive walls, and made cool, deep curtains over the window tops. Within were

"The column and the arch,
The sculptured marble, and the breathing gold."

Richard Trevor had been left an orphan when not yet ten years of age. At that time he had a governess, Madam Hamilton, a widow lady, who had ingratiated herself so firmly in the regards of Mrs. Trevor, that the latter made her a confidante and companion, and in her will stipulated that the governess should have a home in Wilburton Hall during the rest of her life. Madam Hamilton had one daughter, a year older than the little Richard, and, being in reality an artful and designing woman, she decided that if the thing were possible, her only child should marry this heir to millions. For this she labored constantly. She had saved money in considerable sums, and these she determined should be lavished upon the little Maggie Hamilton as she grew up to young ladyhood. Maggie was a disagreeable child, impulsive, hot-tempered, and in spite of her mother's caution, lording it in such a style over the more passive boy, that her name became a synonym of intense hate to him while he was yet a child. She possessed some beauty, but her face, though sparkling and winning, was often too boldly charming, and still oftener disfigured with frowns and pettishness.

When Richard returned from college, the unwontedly quiet young man, with ways that caused him to be called old fogyish and odd, Maggie had grown into a splendid girl of twenty. Her mother's lessons had made her perfect in all the arts of allurement.

Not in vain had she studied colors, costumes, and postures—nor had her voice been put under rigid culture for nothing. It was a grand voice, thrilling the soul to its profoundest depths—and, outwardly, she was a grand woman. Richard often compared her to a queen, but he never thought of loving her. She, on the contrary, filled with rich hopes, and surfeited with promises, as she had been for so many years, gave him her whole heart unasked. His pale, thoughtful face had for her a charm beyond all others—and then his gold! Times innumerable had she fancied herself mistress of Wilburton Hall. She had planned the house over again and again. This room should be widened—these chambers thrown into one. Gilding should take the place of panelling, her boudoir should be a mirror of beauty. She did not know Richard Trevor, and flattered and cooed, smiling for him at all times—assenting to all his opinions. He, meantime, treated her as a friend, but one whom other experiences had caused him to distrust.

One morning Maggie came cold and white into her mother's room. Her hair was in disorder, her eyes strained and bloodshot, and pressed hard against her breast she held something in her locked hands.

Her mother looked up, frightened, inquiringly.

"For heaven's sake, child, what is the matter?" she asked; and the only reply was, "I have found something."

The hollow voice and strained, rigid face struck new terror to the widow's heart. She caught the girl by the shoulders, and swayed her to and fro, to bring life in her dead white face.

"Let me see, child; what have you found? Do you wish to kill me with fear?"

"It will kill *me*," muttered the girl.

"Maggie, tell me what it is—I command you!" exclaimed Madam Hamilton.

"Only this," and a bitter laugh issued from the parted lips, while she unclenched her hands and allowed a miniature to slide into her mother's lap.

A fair, fresh, angelic face met the hard glance of the widow—a face at once gentle and wise—mirthful and hopeful. Its style of beauty was the very opposite of Maggie Hamilton—for here were fair locks of a sunny auburn, blue eyes, dreamy and delicately veiled by dark lashes, and a complexion white and bright as new fallen snow.

"Where in the world did you get this, Maggie?" the mother's voice trembled.

"In *his* room," was the answer.

The girl had sunk to the floor, and there she crouched, part of her long black hair falling over her face and covering her hands, in which her forehead was pressed.

"Child, you did not go in there?"

"Yes, I did—I have meant to a long while. The groom came with a message this morning—there is a great sale of horses at Wellmount—I heard him tell Richard's man, who said he must let Mr. Trevor know immediately, for he was anxious to purchase some horses. So Richard went away in a hurry; said he should not be home till noon. I meant to see what kept him there so long, and I went in through the door leading from the back staircase—I knew it was open. At first I was frightened, for there were bones on the table, and a skull, besides a number of knives and saws, surgical instruments, I suppose. There were bottles filled with specimens, and a number of curious things, I couldn't tell what. But at last"—the girl gasped, and pressed her hands more tightly, her voice grew lower and she seemed to shut her teeth over it—"at last I came to his writing table; there lay the miniature, and there—and there—"

She paused for a moment, as if suffocated, but presently continued—

"There, too, I saw a note—he had left it in his hurry—and at the top, all I dared to read, were the words, 'Dearest Rose.' Oh, mother, and here is the end of my visions! I shall die! I shall die!"

She sobbed hysterically, then springing to her feet, took a few rapid, passionate strides up and down the room. Then coming back to her mother, she fell on her knees, and looking in her face with eyes grown black and hard again, she cried, rapidly,

"If this does not kill me, I—shall—hate—him!—hate him as mightily as I love him now!"

"Hush! hush!" said Madam Hamilton, but her eyes were fixed on vacancy, and seemed almost as lifeless and strained as her daughter's were; "I tell you this may be nothing; some college attachment to a silly girl, so she seems; all young men of his age write to some lady—perhaps to two or three. I don't believe there is anything in it; I'm sure he looks so admiringly at you."

"Ah, but there's *one way* he looks," Maggie went on in the same low voice and rapid utterance, "one way he looks as he never did on me. It was once—no, twice—I caught him standing before the old picture down stairs—that Murillo—and oh! how his soul went out! I could almost see it caressing the dumb canvas.

"'It is a beautiful picture,' I said.

"'Yes, very like,' he replied, and started. Then a warm flush spread over his face, and he bit his lip, and smiled as if inwardly to himself. 'I mean,' he added, 'I was going to say, it resembles a young lady I'—he halted there—'have seen.'"

"Oh, mother! if he had said, instead, 'I love,' the words would not have been plainer than his eyes made them. What shall I be, mother, if I am not his wife? You, who have trained me to expect this, answer!"

She had risen, and her eyes shone terribly.

"You are foolish; make him love you!" said Mrs. Hamilton, and her voice sounded, like her daughter's, dry and harsh.

"I cannot; I have tried," said Maggie, helplessly. "I can tell," she added, in ejaculatory sentences; "all his praise means nothing. He admires my voice—he, in a way, admires me—my good looks, my taste—oh!" she threw her hands up over her head—"he don't *love* me—he never will love me."

"You are a foolish child!" exclaimed her mother, almost weeping as she spoke.

"You have said so once before," said Maggie, bitterly, "but who has made me so? Have I not been led to expect, every moment of my existence—"

"Hush!" cried her mother, "there is a noise in the house. What if Mr. Richard has returned? Go quick, and put the picture where you found it, or you will be disgraced."

Thus the impetuous, undisciplined girl learned that she loved too well, and was not loved in return. It seemed to change her whole nature when the young man told them that he should shortly bring a bride home.

"You may stay here if you will," she said to her mother, fiercely, "but I will die first."

Still she had been brought up only for pleasure. How could she work? She left Wilburton Hall for a while, but came back soon after Richard had established his wife there—came back embittered, hating all men, everybody, even to her mother. This change broke the heart of poor Madam Hamilton. She took to her bed, and after a long illness, died. Maggie had scarcely allowed herself to be seen by the young married couple, who were very happy together. After the funeral Richard begged her to make Wilburton Hall her home—in the sincerity of his heart pleaded with her.

"I cannot—I will not," she said, with choking sobs; and, oh! how he pitied her, mourning, as he thought, for her mother so bitterly. One favor only she would accept. Should a friend ask for help, or for a situation in her name, perhaps he would grant it.

"On the instant," he said, little dreaming that he was signing two death warrants.

2.

A Death and Promise. A New Housekeeper. Two Funerals and a Sad Heart.

Not long after this, the housekeeper at Wilburton Hall, died. There were many applicants for her place, among them, a woman dressed in deep mourning, elderly in her stature, who said that a friend had sent her there. That friend was Maggie Hamilton.

Both Richard and his wife liked the woman's looks; Richard thought he detected a likeness to his old playmate, and told her so, whereupon she replied that she was a relative.

"I'm sure we shall get along nicely together," said the little child-wife, industriously nipping the thread from a very small garment, with a tiny pair of scissors. She had given but one careless glance at the future housekeeper, and seeing that she was good-looking, fancied her.

A smile, that was at the same time a sneer, passed over the dark features of the woman as she looked towards the seeming helpless creature, all pink and white, perched in the great easy-chair—took in at one glance the richly embroidered cambric of her robe, the wavy glow of the golden hair, the little hands, and slippered feet. It did not take long to guess what kind of an organization God had given her—timid, sensitive, and utterly dependent. As for Richard, he seemed wholly happy—happy just to stand and look at her—to pick up a stray bit of muslin if it happened to float down—happy to hear her silvery voice in a laugh that was absolutely like that of a little child.

"Rose," he said, "who will show Mrs.—Mrs.—"

"Doom," said the woman, quietly.

"Doom—Doom—what an odd name," he said, smiling.

"Very odd! dreadfully odd, isn't it?" laughed his wife. "Oh! here comes Minnie; she will show you to the housekeeper's room, Mrs. Doom," she added, without rising, or scarcely looking from her work; and laughing again in her innocent way as she pronounced the name.

"Only a rose-leaf," muttered the new housekeeper, under her breath, as she turned away after another scrutinising gaze—while the young girl, the new wife's dressing maid, declared to her mistress, not long after, that the woman took to the house as if she'd been there all her life.

It was not long before the child-wife grew very fond of the new housekeeper, and treated her with a friendliness and a deference that were almost inexplicable to Richard, though proof that he had made a fortunate accession. But very gradually the Rose seemed to fade—to appear uneasy in his presence—to turn deathly white on the most trivial occasions. Her old, sweet, childish frankness disappeared, and it was hard to win a simple caress. The lips blanched—the eyes grew strangely dilated—there were nervous starts and tremors—convulsive bursts of weeping—unnatural lapses into a vivacity that was so unlike her former cheerfulness, that it was almost horrible to see. Still, the fond husband imputed these changes to natural causes, and hoped that when the babe was born, there would be an end of it.

But alas! they told her, when the trying hour came, that the little one was dead.

"I am glad of it!" she cried, with a dry, feverish laugh; "why should it live, when its father"—she checked herself—and turned her face to the wall. Then for days she was silent. Poor, fair little lady! she never arose from that bed. From thence they took her to the coffin—and once more out in the sunshine—but she did not see it. Among all the mourners, none seemed more afflicted than the stately housekeeper. It was a relief to turn from her sad eyes, her ever ready tears.

Poor Richard was stricken as by a mortal sorrow. If she had only died in a different mood—if she had only not lost her tenderness—and alas! he feared her love for him, it had been easier to bear. The poor man reproached himself till he was worn almost to a shadow—and it was thought the dead wife would not long sleep alone under the sweet flowers of spring. The doctors said he must travel; and he not caring much what became of him, perhaps hoping that some great storm might sink the ship in which he took passage, left the now gloomy home in care of his housekeeper, and went abroad.

Three years passed, and Wilburton Hall saw another mistress. Richard had brought home a wife from London, the daughter of a peer. In physical conformation she was much like his former bride; if anything, more timid, more retiring, for she had been brought up in seclusion alone, her mother, till her death, having been her principal companion. To the housekeeper she seemed instinctively to turn, declaring that in form and voice she resembled her mother. Mrs. Doom, like a magnet, drew her to confide in and finally to love her. In less than six months, as it had been in the case of the former wife, a change was visible in the delicate Estelle Trevor. She became restless and excitable, but possessing stronger emotional tendencies than Rose had, she was oftener petulant than sad, shedding tears for very unusual occasions, and shrinking, at last, within herself, she became silently, morbidly, and permanently unhappy. In vain Richard, who loved her devotedly, lavished attentions and caresses—she either received them with apathy, or utterly refused them. Driven to his wit's ends, Richard proposed travelling. She did not want to leave home—she said; amusements did not please her; she was weary, weary.

How the man lived through the hopeless twelve month, he hardly knew, and devotedly as he loved her, it was a relief to close her eyes for the last time, and bear her to the side of his first love, there to leave her till the Judgment Day.

So it happened that Richard came home to Wilburton Hall a stricken man; and, in spite of his large possessions, almost a hopeless one. He had grown thin and haggard; and as he sat there, unheeding how low the fire was getting, he looked like the ghost of a human being, rather than flesh and blood. He was still severely handsome; his brow was as wide and classic in its every outline, his eye as large and soft as ever; but lines drawn harshly across the one, and unnatural brightness in the other, told how much suffering he must have undergone.

A door opened softly—a tall figure, dressed in deep mourning, stood there, her dark eyes bent full upon the man so motionless, so haggard! Still the woman stood, nor seemed inclined to speak—her lips grew set and colorless; her head went gradually forward in advance of her body; her eyes took on a cold, steel-like expression, and gradually a singular smile flitted over the whole face—a smile that had nothing of life in it—that was shudderingly fearful.

A brand fell to the hearth.

"Is there a curse upon me?" muttered the man, changing his position, and pushing the blackening fragment back into the fire: "must I lose all I love?"

"Mr. Richard," said the low voice, in the dark. He did not hear.

"God pity me!" he almost sobbed.

"Mr. Richard!" said the voice, louder.

"Oh!"—he turned abruptly—"Mrs. Doom—come in, madam, come in: what did you have to say to me?"

"Only shall I order tea brought in here as usual—or—"

"No, no; for heaven's sake, no!" exclaimed the man, earnestly, taking a step forward; "anywhere but here—anywhere but here."

"In the round room, perhaps, sir."

"Yes, in the round room, anywhere but here."

In a few moments tea was announced. From the mere force of habit, Richard dragged himself to the table, and sat down, but instead of eating he rested his head on one hand, while he sipped his tea with the other. The housekeeper seemed anxious to dispel his sorrowful mood, and talked of remote objects and interests. At last she said—

"I heard to-day from my relative, Maggie Hamilton."

"Ah! what is she doing?"

"Living not far off, and working hard for her living," was her reply. "I never knew much about her; pray what kind of a girl was she, sir?"

"Oh, a good girl, I don't doubt," was the reply; "but not particularly loveable."

"There was some trouble between you two, I believe," said the housekeeper, untying the ribbons of her cap.

"Between us! Never. What can you mean?"

"I heard—it seems to me—I heard that she liked you, or you liked her; whichever was it?"

"A strange subject to bring up now, of all times," said Richard, pushing himself from the table. "She never liked me that I know of better than a friend, and as to her, I positively disliked the girl. Probably I always shall, as the antipathy commenced in my childhood. I beg you won't believe all you hear, my good Mrs. Doom," he said, in a softer tone, fearing he had seemed harsh. "Perhaps I should not have said what I have, Miss Hamilton being a relative of yours, but I am a plain man."

The face of the woman grew like adamant. There was not a line, not a feature but looked as if sharpened by the chisel of a worker in marble. If Richard had seen it then, he would have been startled, even though his mind was preoccupied with his own deep sorrow. As it was, he moved his chair from the table, turned quickly away, and taking his night-lamp went up the stairs into his own room. For some moments the housekeeper sat like a statue. When she spoke, the words seemed to freeze as they fell from her rigid lips. "Aye! go to your dead-room," she muttered, "please yourself with pulling fibres from hearts that have ceased to beat—the torture of the living heart has not ended yet, as I will show you, proud man. Bring your delicate wives here; the atmosphere shall be as malaria to them, and all your wealth shall not keep them in your arms. Learn what a woman scorned can be—and can make you suffer, too."

3.

A Rescue. Trevor the Millionaire and Widower.

"Oh, sir, what a race I have made you run! Thank you! thank you, a thousand times. Firefly deserves a good, sound whipping, that he does, and I am *almost* ready to give it to him. But then he was a favorite of my dear brother, and he is gone away—I may never see him again. You are very much heated, sir; I hope you may not take cold."

Richard Trevor had lifted his hat, and was wiping his wet brow with a delicate handkerchief, bordered with black. His horse, a noble bay, stood perfectly quiet, sometimes nodding gravely to the high spirited young gray, as if he said, "you are too mettlesome, sir; do you know you might have killed this young lady?"

The lady, and very young she was, now stroked her steed lovingly, now held the whip with a threatening air; the horse did not see, or it might have fired his impetuous blood again. A bright and happy creature seemed the girl, with little beauty besides that of ruddy health, and a smile that was sparkling and bewitching. She wore a little cap with a long feather that swept down and mingled with her brown curls. Her cheeks were full of dimples, and her manner was at the same time naive and graceful, like that of a child full of natural impulses.

"Oh! no—I imagine not;" said Richard Trevor. "I thought when your horse took that leap, it was all over with you. I congratulate you on your fine horsemanship."

"I can ride pretty well," said the girl, simply and candidly—"you see I am used to it—go twenty miles every day, thither and yon. Sometimes I have let Firefly leap, too, but my father discourages me—he is afraid I shall come to harm. Spitfire—I'm ashamed of you—to get frightened at a white rag flying in the wind."

Again her plump fingers nestled amid the silken mane of the trembling horse.

"My father would feel very grateful if he knew how kind you have been," said the girl, stealing a side glance at the noble, yet thin and sad-looking face.

"And who is he?"

"He is the Presbyterian minister at Wellmount—ten miles from this," she answered, playing with her whip handle. "What a beautiful creature!" she exclaimed, at that moment waking up to the motion of the horse beside her. "How high he stands, and what eyes he has. Oh! if I were an artist I should like to paint him."

"[illegible] are quite a judge, Miss—Miss—"

"Goldly," promptly added the girl; "how odd I didn't think of telling you my father's name," she said quietly with a blush; "but I am just from school, and very thoughtless. As there is nobody near to apologise for me, I'll apologise for myself."

"The introduction might as well pass on both sides," he said, smiling a little, "my name is Trevor."

He bowed as he spoke, but looking up immediately after, saw that the young girl had grown quite reserved, with a curious coldness in her face, while she reined up her steed as if to hasten on. A bitter thought at that entered his heart—he bid her good-day and hurried away.

"Good patience me!" ejaculated the girl, "so I've been talking with that rich man—that Trevor, who kills his wives off, so! It frightens me to think of it. No wonder he looked melancholy—but so handsome! Why, it can't be possible that he is cruel, or wicked in any way, it seems to me, with that countenance. So, really I have something to tell—the rich Mr. Trevor, the great millionaire—positively ran after me—and caught me, too."

Her silvery laugh echoed along the road, and was taken up by a mocking bird who trilled on it till the melody seemed endless.

"What *will* father say?" she queried again, her face dimpling with a smile. "It was only yesterday, I remember he said, I wish Trevor lived in our town: the church-debt would be paid off soon enough."

Redder seemed the flush of the way-side-roses as she reflected—the merry Annie Goldly—on her morning's adventure. Those deep, earnest eyes, that looked as if they might be so loving, too, were stamped upon her memory—and thinking—"how he did look at me!" her cheeks became dyed with blushes.

"The old story," muttered Richard Trevor, as he went on his homeward way. "The minute she knew who I was she altered. Scarcely more than a child, too—not sixteen, I know—with her beautiful, fresh, young face. Yes, there is a curse put upon me, and I must bear it. Strange thoughts came over me as I looked in that sweet countenance. My heart that has been so long dead to affection, warmed at her smile. For two years I have scarcely looked in a woman's face to think of her a moment after, and now that a ripple has stirred the surface of my heart, it is only to leave it darker and more sullen in its apathy." Gloomily he reached his home, this man of millions, whom most who knew him envied, and quietly as was his wont, he *hurried* to his own room. There he threw the curtain back—the light disclosing a note directed to him, which ran thus:

"Dear Trevor—There's to be an inquest held on the body of a suicide, to morrow, at eleven, in Wellmount. Come up if you can. I think we can have the body, if it is not recognized. Yours, etc."

Throwing down the paper, he took several turns about the room, stooping once or twice to mark something on the floor.

"Harvey," he said, as his man entered, "*for two or three days I have seen sawdust* scattered about my room. You are growing careless; you know how particular I am, and I can't think how the stuff gets here."

"It's very odd indeed, sir," said the man, bending down. "I'll see that it's removed immediately."

"What's this wax doing here? Modelling wax?" exclaimed Richard, taking a lump from the table. "I never leave it in this room. Have you been using it?"

"No, indeed, sir," exclaimed the man, seemingly aghast at the question. "I know better than to touch your things, sir."

"It's quite singular; I must have left it out—a thing I never did before."

So saying, he walked from the room, through the small entry adjoining, and entering his private study, he placed the wax away. Against the wall, communicating with the entry, there stood a tall case, filled with specimens of various kinds. This could be easily moved, as it went on castors, but it was seldom displaced—only at the great half yearly house-cleanings. Another case stood nearly opposite, and though one door was partly open, nothing could be seen but a gray curtain hanging moveless. On a stand near by, were costly cases of instruments, only one or two uncovered. Books filled the seven shelves that lined one corner of the room—maps and charts, surgical drawings, vials and glass jars, and a complete galvanic apparatus filled up the room. Only Harvey, Richard's man, entered this room besides himself. Indeed, the door leading therefrom across the entry, where another door opened into his bedroom, was rarely unlocked; he preferred going to his study by another entrance.

Taking a book from the shelf, he was soon absorbed in its perusal, while Harvey was quietly busy in the bed chamber.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

Let each one strive with all his might
To be a decent man,
And love his neighbor as himself,
Upon the golden plan.

And if his neighbor chance to be,
A pretty female woman:
Why, love her all the more—you see,
That's only acting human.

☞ A countryman who saw for the first time a hooped skirt, hanging at a shop door, called to ask "what bird they kept in that cage?"

☞ We see it stated that some of the propellers used in carrying coal to London, are so built that the stern part (with boilers, engines, and propeller,) disconnects and fits to another vessel; so that they arrive with a full cargo, change to an empty hull, and leave port again in an hour.

☞ Matrimonial history is a narrative of many *words*; but the story of love may be told in a few *letters*.

☞ The addition of "ah!" to a sentence in exhortation is considered by some an essential aid: but sometimes it has a very ludicrous effect—as in the case of the man who said, that though in the early part of his life he had been opposed to good, for twenty years he had been living on the Lord's side-ah!

MY PIE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Yes, it was emphatically "my pie," for nobody else ever saw it, and, especially, as *she* is dead now, I will tell you all about it, exactly as it happened. I had not been married long, and had the nicest little house possible, with very pretty furniture, and the brightest new silver spoons, it seemed a shame to soil them with tea or coffee. I was very happy with one exception, I had an experienced cook—I gasp when I think of her—I tremble now at the thought of how I trembled then, a thin, bony woman, with a white apron, a brass thimble with no end to it, and high cheek bones! She had too, a few streaks of gray hair. I remember how meekly I used to creep down the kitchen stairs, and ask her if she thought it possible that she could find time to make a *few* cakes for tea, just a *few* of those cakes she made so *very* nicely, and, meeting with a calm, decided refusal, meekly creep up again, glad that the trial was over. The menage besides "ourselves," consisted but of this personage and another, a good humored lass, of whom no living creature ever stood in awe. I am afraid some other innocent young housekeepers may be in the same predicament, and to them I address this narrative, and for their benefit, I will relate how it happened that the world ever saw, or did not see, "my pie." Now, our cook, among other rules, had one to the effect that she would only make dessert on certain days. On my mentioning this fact one day to a friend, not complainingly of course, but in a resigned way, she said, "So it is with mine, but that is no matter, on busy days, such as Monday and Tuesday, I go into the kitchen and make a few pies, or some other nice thing—why don't you do the same?" As I went home, the question "why don't you do the same?" rang in my ears. "Why should I not learn to make pies, too?" To be sure I had never attempted such a thing, but I had repeatedly seen it done at my mother's, and besides the cookery books are full of directions on the subject. So my mind is made up. I will make a pie now and then—surprise Henry with a delicious apple pie, or a mince pie. The first opportunity I have, I think I will go into the kitchen and try my hand at the novel occupation. It will be better to take an occasion when the cook is out, because she might not like it exactly, she is so very neat and orderly.

A few weeks afterwards, as good luck would have it, there was a day appointed for a firemen's parade. I told both my servants they might go out together for the whole morning. Off they went, and full of glee. As soon as I saw the coast clear, I sallied down into the kitchen, having first prepared my mind by a careful perusal of four cookery-books, and the cooking part of two almanacs.

I seized a large tin pan, poured a great deal of flour into it, and "cut up," according to directions, two half pounds of butter into it. Oh! the consummate skill of that manœuvre! —*fancying my tyrant would be less likely to* detect the larceny of two halves than a whole. This "cutting up" I found to be a difficult matter. Pouring in the water, I tried to mix and stir the whole thing with a gigantic spoon, but it would not mix!—it would not stir!—the more I aimed blows at it with the spoon the more it would stay bits of butter, with a coating of flour, and the water in a canal by itself, and repaid all my strenuous efforts, by only blowing up flour in my eyes. Now, I tried what the almanacs laid much stress on, and what the cookery-books called "working," which consists in plunging your knuckles head foremost into the mixture, and "pawing" it about, so to speak—(if my metaphors are not always elegant, I know housekeepers will excuse me.) To my horror, it would not be *worked*; it assumed the form of little, stringy mouse-tails; I groaned, I mashed, I stirred, I put in more butter—more water—more flour—and succeeding somewhat, I scraped the dough from my hands with a sharp kitchen knife, (the kitchen knives were new then,) with as little of the skin as was possible under the circumstances, and in the pride of my heart prepared for the next step. I found in the table drawer one of those mysterious things that cooks make pies with, and that marshals in processions hold up before their faces so unaccountably, rubbing flour on this, in the easy, off hand way in which I had seen it done, I essayed to roll—roll, to my surprise, it would not—kept at it, looked for directions, folded it up, divided it in two, buttered it, watered it, floured it—at last it did roll a little. How quickly I got out two pie dishes, how lavishly I buttered them, and dragging up my dough like a refractory horse, tried by one masterly effort to hoist the pale mixture on. On it would not go, it split, it burst asunder with a life-like, pertinacity; try it again; so I did, twenty two times did I endeavor to perform that feat! What if it wanted more flour? but more flour only made it go into awful fissures, like Europe, Asia, Africa and America. In my solemn opinion, no human power could have forced that stuff on those dishes. What should I do? what *could* I do? The clayey mass by means of repeated additions had quadrupled its original dimensions. Now my exhausted mind took a hasty glance into futurity. Supposing that I could get it on the dishes: there was the baking to do. Could I, innocent young housekeeper that I was, enter into a contest with an oven, with any reasonable hope of anything but condign failure? Were there not dampers to be considered and consulted? flues and draughts to be taken into account? What was I, poor female human atom against these? Another horrible thought! What if the cook should come home and catch me at it? So, taking a look at my dear-covered hair and dress, in a bucket of water which stood on a chair, and another at my hands, (didn't it stick to my shoes, too?) I resolved, for I was a person of quick resolves, to get rid of the whole business as soon as possible. Suddenly a loud ring at the bell—*her* ring—fixed me to the floor with a convulsive shudder of apprehension! And nobody to let her in but myself! Ann, recovering myself, I did it! Was it moral or physical courage? I let her in, I braved her; she bullied me. I braved her again—I won the victory—she did not know what it cost me—we parted!!!

I have kept house many years since then; I have seen "Love the gift" become "Love the debt;" the silver spoons have become dull; the stair-carpet has been many times renewed; little feet not dreamed of in those early days of primeval neatness, have kicked up many a dust on the fading floors; I have had thirty-two cooks and Ann talks of going away to make room for the thirty-third; but not one of them has ever been an *experienced* one.

MARIA.

WANTED TO BUY HER.

Last autumn (says the London Court Journal) a young lady left Dundee for Alexandria, to visit relations resident in that city. As the passengers were landing at Alexandria, a richly attired Turk advanced to look at the arrivals, and seemed instantly to be struck with the charms of the damsel from "bonny Dundee." He approached her, and suddenly flung a string of 0gs about her neck. The captain of the ship came forward and informed his bewildered passenger that the Turk's gift was a token of admiration and affection. The matter speedily became serious. Through the medium of an interpreter, the Turk entered into conversation with the captain, and inquired the sum for which he would be willing to sell the lady.—He had nine wives already, he said; but could he possess this new beauty, she should be the Queen and "Light of his Harem." The captain, for the sake of a joke, replied that her price was sixty thousand piastres (about twenty-five hundred dollars.) The Turk grumbled at the enormous demand; it was just double, he said, what he paid for the most handsome Circassian, Georgian, or Mingrelian ever brought to the Alexandrine market. The captain, however, stuck to his price; and so the parties separated. But, on the following morning, when the captain was escorting the lady to the residence of her relations, the Turk again made his appearance, and, throwing another fig necklace around the lady's neck, intimated that he was prepared to give the requisite sum! Here was a dilemma! But the captain soon cleared himself. "Foh!" said he, "you're too late; I sold her yesterday for a thousand piastres more; so you've lost her!" The lady was recently married in Dundee to a gentleman who did not give a cent for her!

VACCINATION AMONG THE MONKEYS.

The following story is *told* as a true one—but we must confess that it staggers our credulity a little. It is from an English work on natural history:—

The smallpox having spread fearfully among the monkeys in South America, Dr. Pinckard, Secretary to the Bloomsbury Street Vaccination Society, was struck by the idea of arresting its further progress. Vaccination was, of course, to be the means of staying the plague, and his scheme for its introduction was singularly ingenious. He bound two or three boys hand and foot, and then vaccinated them, in the *presence of an old monkey, who was observed to be closely attentive to his proceedings*. He then left him alone with a young monkey, with some of the matter on the table, and beside it a lancet guarded that it might not cut too deep. The doctor witnessed the result from a neighboring room; the old monkey threw the young one down, bound him without delay, and vaccinated him with the skill of a professor.

"The usual effects," says Mr. Rose, "followed. Other steady monkeys were thus instructed in the art, after having been themselves previously inoculated; and several are, it is said, now being sent out to South America provided with all necessary means for the beneficial infection. May the attempt succeed, and men and monkeys, throughout that extensive continent, have cause to bless the name of England!"

A LETTER FROM DR. JOHNSON ASKING COURT FAVOR.—In Pryor's *Life of Malone*, is a letter which escaped both Bozzy and Crocker. The great Samuel, it appears, in spite of his love for Fleet street, once applied for apartments in Hampton-court-place. The application was made in 1777, the year after the publication of *Taxation no Tyranny* which gave him, he probably thought, additional claims upon the Government. Here is the application to Lord Hertford:

My Lord:—Being wholly unknown to your Lordship, I have only this apology to make for presuming to trouble you with a request,—that a stranger's petition, if it cannot be easily granted, can be easily refused. Some of the apartments are now vacant in which I am encouraged to hope that by application to your Lordship I may obtain a residence. Such a grant would be considered by me as a great favor; and I hope that to a man who has had the honor of vindicating His Majesty's Government, a retreat in one of his houses may not be improperly or unworthily allowed. I therefore request that your Lordship will be pleased to grant such rooms in Hampton court as shall seem proper to my Lord. Your Lordship's most obedient and most faithful humble servant, SAM. JOHNSON.

It does not appear that the King ever heard of the application. On the letter is indorsed: "Lord C. presents his compliments to Mr. Johnson, and is sorry he cannot obey his commands, having already on his hand many engagements unsatisfied."

☞ A neat compliment was paid the other day to a lady. She had just swallowed a *petite* glass of wine, as a gentleman in company asked for a taste. "It is all gone," said she, laughingly, "unless you will take some of it from my lips." "I should be most happy," he replied; "but I never take sugar with my wine."

☞ A gentleman who has just returned from Albany, where he succeeded in lobbying a bill in which he was personally interested, through the Legislature. "Well, did you persuade them to pass your bill?" we asked of him. "Yes," said he, pulling out his pocket-book, "I *purse suaded* them."

☞ Aunt E——— was trying to persuade little Eddy to come at sundown, using as an argument that the little chickens went to roost at that time. "Yes," said Eddy; "but the old hen a-ways goes with them." Aunty tried no more arguments with him.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS THAT ARE TOO FAMILIAR.—Pshaw! Stop your noise! I'll box your ears! Hold your tongue! Shut up, this minute! Let me be! Go away! Get out! Behave yourself! I won't! You shall! Never mind! You'll catch it! Don't bother! Come here directly! Put away those things! You'll kill yourself! I don't care! They're mine! Mind your own business! I'll tell my ma!—You mean thing! There, I told you so! You didn't! You did! I will have it! Oh, see what you've done! 'Twas you! Won't you get it, though! It's my house! Who's afraid of you? M-mh-h-h-h! Boo-hoo! Boo! oo! oo! oo! What's the matter? Clear out of this room directly! Do you hear me? Right away! Dear me! It's enough to set one crazy! It only goes to show! Oh, goody! I never see! I never did see in all my born days! Would you put a tuck in it? Well, says I! says he! says she! says they! Bless me! No! Hem it all the way round! Three flounces! Gored! Pompadour! Worked crosswise! Trimmed with velvet! Ten yards! Cut bias! Real sweet! and one or two more. —*Vanity Fair.*

SAGACITY OF THE OXEN.—That wild beasts of all kinds are scared away by fire is a well known fact, but the hungry bear is of so cunning a nature that it even sets at defiance the flaming circle, which would at other times afford a secure protection to the sleeping traveller. It is true that the bear does not venture to cross the fiery barrier, but it contrives to avoid the difficulty in a most ingenious manner. Going to the nearest stream, it immerses itself in the water so as to saturate its fur with moisture, and then returning to the spot where the intended prey lies asleep, the animal rolls over the flaming embers, quenching the fire, and then makes its attack upon the sleeper. This curious fact is well known among the natives of Siberia, so that they have good grounds for the respect in which they hold the bear's intellectual powers.

ENGLISH CURRENCY.—The principal currency of England is bank notes of the denomination of five pounds and upwards; sovereigns and half-sovereigns, in gold; crowns, half-crowns, florins, shillings, sixpences, fourpences, and threepences, in silver; pennies, half-pennies, and farthings in copper. There are no bank notes issued in England, except those of the Bank of England, and none of a smaller denomination than five pounds. A pound (sovereign) is equal to five dollars and about two pence; half a pound (ten shillings) $2.50; a crown (five shillings) $1.25; half a crown (two shillings sixpence) 62½ cents; a florin (two shillings) 50 cents; a shilling, 25 cents; sixpence, 12½ cents; fourpence, 8 cents; threepence, 6 cents; penny, 2 cents; halfpenny, 1 cent; and farthing, ½ cent.—*Press.*

EELS.—Eels are, I believe, the toughest of fish. They will not only bear passing from salt to fresh water, but will travel overland if the pond or stream in which they have lived be dried up. They have been met, in some numbers, in warm weather, travelling in this manner, *like snakes, for a considerable distance.* Eels were supposed to have no scales on their bodies; but Dr. Buckland discovered that they are very minute, and have diffused over them a slimy mucus, and, being concealed, they are admirably adapted for the mode of life of these creatures, which consists of imbedding themselves in mud, or penetrating under stones and rocks.

☞ MACAULAY AND HIS BALLADS.—It is stated that Macaulay, passing one day through the Seven Dials, bought a handful of ballads from some street folk who were bawling out their contents to a gaping audience. Proceeding on his way home, he was astonished, on suddenly stopping, to find himself surrounded by half-a-score of urchins, their faces beaming with expectation. "Now, then," said the historian, "what is it?" "Oh, that is a good 'un," replied the boys, "after we've come all this way." "But what are you waiting for?" said Macaulay, astonished at the lad's familiarity. "Waiting for! Why, to hear you sing, to be sure." As he bought so many ballads, they thought he surely must be a street singer.

☞ It would be a great advantage to some schoolmasters if they would steal two hours a day from their pupils, and give their own minds the benefit of the robbery.

☞ A physician in Wisconsin being disturbed one night by a burglar, and having no ball or shot for his pistol, noiselessly loaded the weapon with dry, hard pills, and gave the intruder a "prescription" which he thinks will go far towards curing the rascal of a very bad ailment.

☞ Love may exist without jealousy, although this is rare; but jealousy may exist without love, and this is common.

☞ That a successful pleader at the bar often makes a poor political orator, is no more to be wondered at than a good microscope makes a very bad telescope.

☞ It is said that in some of the villages of the west, it is so healthy that the folks have to shoot a man to start a burying ground.

☞ "Mr. Smith," said a little fellow, the other evening, to his sister's beau, "I wish you wouldn't praise our Anna Maria's eyes any more. You have made her so proud now that she won't speak to cousin Laura, nor help mother the least bit."

☞ The Scandinavians had a god, Kvasir, who was suffocated by the multitude of ideas sticking in his throat, because he could not find any one who could question him fast enough to get them out of him.

☞ No CAUSE FOR IMMEDIATE ALARM.—At the present rate of consumption of coal, the State of Pennsylvania alone would meet the demand for more than three thousand years! At double the present call for coal, North America would supply the demand for *twenty thousand years!*

☞ Four fast young men, the sons of gentlemen of wealth, were brought before court in New Orleans as common rowdies. The judges inquired what their bad course of life could be ascribed to. Most probably to their *four fathers.*

☞ "That's a flame of mine!" as the bellows said to the fire.

SINGULAR EFFECTS OF TAMING ANIMALS.

Varro, who wrote about forty-five years before Christ, gives us some very detailed and particular statements about the cocks and hens of his time; but they are statements so apparently at variance with what the preconceptions of a modern would lead him to, that, were the particulars not established by later observations, made in a very particular way, one might be excused for not believing the Roman historian. Fowls, both wild and tame were known, according to Varro, in the Roman poultry market of his time. "Wild fowl," he says, "are rare at Rome, being seldom met with except in cages. They do not crow," he proceeds to remark, "nor do they resemble domestic fowls in appearance, but approach nearer to the African bird."* Many other particulars respecting these wild fowls does Varro narrate; but the reader will probably have begun to suspect that, by no possibility could a wild bird, having the characteristics of form as described by Varro, get modified by civilization into an ordinary cock or hen. Yet, curiously enough, the strange testimony of Varro has been confirmed in a very satisfactory manner; the evidence being as follows.

In the year 1842, Capt. Wm. Allen led one of those fatal explorations up the Niger, which cast a blight on the memory of that ill-fated region. The expedition proved mortal to about half those who took part in, it and the survivors were reduced to an almost unexampled condition of suffering and prostration. In order to recruit their strength, the survivors were ordered to the isles of Ascension and St. Helena; but, happening on their way to touch the little volcanic island of Annabono, in the Gulf of Guinea, they not only found a plentiful stock of good poultry, but became acquainted with a fact of great interest to the naturalist; confirming, as it does, the statements handed down by Varro. According to the testimony of the natives of the little volcanic island, at a period some twenty years before the advent of Captain Allen, a few cocks and hens, escaping from an English ship, took to the woods, and, finding circumstances congenial to their natures, multiplied exceedingly. Now, twenty years is no long time, apparently, to work out changes in the organization of a race: but, strange to say, it was a period long enough to have *degraded* (if the term be permitted me) once civilized English barn-door fowls back to the level and the characteristics of the wild fowls described by Varro. Not only had the cocks ceased to crow, having adopted a cry of their own, but, in form, as well as color, the ordinary type of common barn-door fowls had become widely departed from. Fortunately, and to place the testimony beyond any reasonable doubt, Captain Allen and his surviving associates were accompanied by a naturalist.

In this way Varro and Captain Allen between them undoubtedly prove the strutting chanticleer and clucking hens, who go pecking away in modern farm-yards, to trace their *pedigree back to the wild fowl* common enough in the forests of Bengal. This, indeed, is just the pedigree naturalists had made out for them: but so apparently profound are the differences between the form and color of the two, to say nothing about the fact of tame cock crowing, and the inability of wild cocks to perform the vocal feat, that ordinary people might have been excused for not implicitly believing the statements of the naturalists.

And here, writing about the vocal powers of civilized chanticleer, it strikes me as a curious circumstance that he should learn his song in captivity, and that he should forget that accomplishment when consigned to the woods again. Not less curious is it, as well as a matter of precisely similar import, that the barking of dogs is also a language of civilization. The wild dogs of Australia never bark; the half reclaimed dogs of Constantinople do not excel in that line; and, as for the progeny of tame dogs allowed to run wild, they soon lose their barking power altogether. A dog, however, I may here remark, seldom runs wild if he can help it. To the majority of animals which man reclaims, making them companions of his steps, and denizens of his fields and home, civilization is a lot chequered to them with good and evil. If the horse, wild running in Tartarian steppes, be innocent of bruised oats and bran mashes, physic when he is out of sorts, a stable-roof over his head, and curry-combing o' mornings; so he escapes a large per contra of equine troubles lain athwart his shoulders, and upon his convenient back, by the perhaps too exacting biped. Then, woe to the civilized bird or beast, good to be cooked and eaten! Dogs, I think, have a particularly happy lot of it. To them the change from savage to civilized life brings with it few or no disagreeables—save, perhaps, when fate may have cast their lot among natives of that central flowery land where puppies are held in culinary repute.

Some of the most interesting changes which time and wildness have wrought out upon animal races are perceptible in the American continent. I need hardly remark that, before the Spaniards set their conquerors' feet upon American soil, horses, goats, pigs, dogs, sheep, and a few other animals, were strangers to that continent. Of these, I believe the dog alone has never totally escaped from man's fellowship and congenial domination. As regards that other companion of man, scarcely less intimate than the dog—the horse, of course, I mean—it is far otherwise. Hundreds of thousands of horses, totally wild, roam at this time over the pampas and llanos of both North and South America. The soil and climate of America are probably no less congenial to the horse than those extensive plains in Central Asia, from which the equine race is supposed to have ramified. Probably the wild American horse has all the characteristics of the originally wild stock; therefore, any peculiarity of type recognizable in the one, we may expect to be recognizable in the other. Well, what facts does testimony supply in this matter? We will see. Don Felix Azara, I believe, was the first to notice the circumstance that, among these wild American horses, there is hardly a black, a gray, piebald, or sorrel-colored individual to be seen. They all present the uniform type of brown short hair and black manes and tails. So far as the testimony of the naturalist just mentioned goes, the presumption is indicated that brown, with black manes and tails, was the color of original wild horses—the very color stated by Pallas as belonging to wild horses of the Tartarian steppes.

The American descendants of tame pigs run wild illustrate, in their own personal characteristics, the mutation of type which an animal species may experience. Not only have the wilding porkers lost their slow slouching gait, and become veritable wild beasts of the forest—*that* might have been expected—but their color is invariably black, and their ears, instead of being pendulous, as is the case of tame pigs, prick up and stand well forward. Whilst grunter was a denizen of the farm-yard, with no enemy to fear save the butcher (whom he never learned to fear,) and having no care for his dinner, a state of blunt hearing was of no particular disadvantage to him. Far otherwise is it with a wild forest pig, having to shift for himself the best way he can, and to whom the ability to hear quickly, and to remain wide awake, is a matter of the utmost consequence. To such a pig, prick-up ears are a sort of necessity, and accordingly God has supplied them.

America presents sheep and bullocks for the naturalist's investigation, under the somewhat rare and very interesting condition of neither quite wild nor quite tame. In them the mutation of race in passing from civilized back to savage life is not wrought out, but is yet in a state of transition. Before more specially pointing out what has happened to both these races, I would just in passing direct the reader's attention to a series of animals of the sheep tribe, the skins of which are stuffed and preserved in the zoological department of the British Museum. Without particularizing the animals in question by the hard names which naturalists apply to them, it will be enough for my purpose if the reader observe that certain sheepy-looking animals are there to be seen—sheep-like in form, face, horns, and, in short, everything save the one characteristic of wool. Glancing now the mental eye far away from the stuffed skins of the British Museum, and contemplating all the solicitudes of which sheep are the objects, by reason of their fleece—considering how those warm coats of theirs have to be bathed, anointed, and otherwise cared for to prevent ill results—a question might arise of the following kind. How would a wild sheep manage with no kind shepherd at hand to see to the wool toilette? On this point the half wild sheep of America furnish an instructive lesson. Their lambs have wool like any civilized lambs, and the wool continues growing for a period; but mark now the curious result. If the shearer comes before a certain period, and shears the fleece, well and good; another fleece begins to grow, lengthening to maturity. If, however, the shearer so far neglects this operation that a certain time, a little too long elapses, off falls the wool of its own accord, a crop of hair takes its place, and wool never grows on the hair part again.

What can be more beautiful than this illustration of the way in which the Almighty modifies the characteristics of a race in favor of mankind? The young lamb with woolly fleece would seem to say mutely, and once for all, "Wild or tame? which is it to be? Take your choice, but choose at once."

Passing now from sheep to cows, just contemplate the enormous quantity of cows' milk consumed by human beings, and how freely cows supply it. But this facility of milk-yielding is a characteristic impressed on the species after many centuries of contact with humanity. The half-wild cows of America yield milk indeed, for their own progeny, but they have very little to spare besides. Neither the Spaniards at home, nor the descendants of Spaniards abroad, are much of a milk-loving people; but whenever a travelling milk-lover wanders amidst the half-wild cows of certain parts of America, he finds it no easy matter to get a little cows' milk. The animals have lost the function of continuous supply.

To finish our account of tame animals run wild in America, I may remark that only the goat and the donkey have grown handsomer for the change which has come over their fortunes. As to the goat, his head has become smaller and his eye brighter; and, who would have thought it?—the wild donkey actually sucks out the wild horse to do battle with, fighting, I am bound to say, most treacherously—the very reverse of all that is noble and chivalresque—but, for the most part, successfully. In short, the wild donkey seems to be a fellow of more intelligence than the wild horse, but at the same time more treacherous, resentful, and unforgiving.

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* Known to us moderns as the Guinea-fowl, or pintada.

☞ When a girl *hunts* a husband, the engagement ring, to be in keeping, should be *chased*.

☞ Teach you children to help themselves—but not to what doesn't belong to them.

☞ Many institutions are improperly called *seminaries*, for they do not half teach anything.

☞ May the person who makes one pound two a day be said to double his capital?

☞ The man who was hemmed in by a crowd has been troubled with a stitch in his side ever since.

☞ The sun is every man's servant, working every day in the year for him, and exacting no wages.

☞ A lecturer asserted that all bitter things were hot. "No," suggested Brown, "not a *bitter cold* day."

☞ There is a man, in Totnes, so witty, that his wife manufactures all the butter that the family uses from the cream of his jokes.

☞ Pompey, the nigger, said he once worked for a man who raised his wages so high that he could only reach them once in two years.

☞ There is a man in town so knowing, that people who don't know their own minds come to him for information on the subject.

☞ Keep a scrap-book if you like, but don't put into it everything you can manage to scrape up; that is, don't let your scrap-book be a mere scrape book.

☞ Odd—that rivers should be so full just where they *empty* themselves.

NEWS ITEMS.

Miss Victoire Balfe, daughter of the English composer, and herself an *artiste* of great merit, has just been married at St. Petersburgh, to Sir John Pleunes T. Crampton, Bart., Her Majesty's Minister at the Court of Russia. Sir John is in his 53rd year.

An Unmitigated Outrage.—An abandoned woman in Quitman, Mississippi, recently preferred a slanderous charge against a clergyman of that place, and caused his arrest. At the trial the woman was not present, and, at the request of the clergyman, an inquisition was set on foot, which resulted in the entire establishment of the clergyman's innocence, and showed that the charge was made solely to blast his reputation, and to compel him to support another's offspring.

An Insane Broker—Religious Excitement.—A gentleman engaged in the brokerage business in Boston, has for a few days past manifested a depressed state of mind, caused by religious excitement resulting from the recent preaching of Elder Knapp. On Thursday morning he became very violent, and attacked his wife, considerably injuring her. It was considered unsafe for him to be at liberty, and he was taken into custody, and subsequently conveyed to the Lunatic Asylum at South Boston.

The British forces intended for the third war with China, will consist of about 10,300 Europeans and 7,600 natives, or a total of about 26,000 men. To this the French will add about 10,000 infantry and cavalry, and about 3,000 marines and sailors. The total expedition will, therefore, amount to about thirty-nine thousand men exclusive of the allied navy, the base of operations lying out of sight of the coast.

Insanity Resulting from Vanity.—The Lafayette Journal says the Sheriff of that county recently took a young fellow to the Lunatic Asylum from that place, who is remarkably handsome, and whose insanity is believed to have been produced by a morbid development of his self conceit. Vanity is not satisfied with making people crazy—it has more victims in the grave than the cholera.

It is said of Jullien, (the manager,) that shortly before his death, he entered his house armed with a large knife. "Come here," said he to his adopted child, a girl about eighteen years old, "I am going to let you hear the angels sing." He was going to cut her throat. She had presence of mind enough to reply, "Willingly; but before I go let me hear you play on the flageolet, that I may compare your music and theirs." Jullien thought the idea excellent, and went to get his flageolet; while he was gone the child called the servants. The unhappy madman was secured and carried to the private madhouse, where he died a few days afterward.

The St. Louis street railroads have put on smoking cars, which, being cooler and more comfortable than the others, are so monopolized by the ladies that the men have no more privileges than before.

Female Extravagance—Husband Not Responsible.—In New Orleans, a few days since, Mr. Brown, who has a salary of $2,500 per annum, was sued for $645, the amount of a bill of dress goods sold to his wife within ten days, in November last. The articles were not necessary under the most liberal use of that term, and it appeared in evidence that the husband had forbidden the plaintiff to trust his wife. The Court decided that the plaintiff could not recover.

The Growing Crops.—Accounts from Maryland, Virginia, Pennsylvania, and Illinois, thus far, represent the condition of the growing wheat crops as quite encouraging, and the prospects good for a fair harvest.

Rather Slow for a Metropolis.—The New York papers have just wakened up to the convenience of a fire-alarm telegraph, and are making arguments to show that it is perfectly practical and highly useful. As it has been established and in successful working in Philadelphia for several years, we should not think it would require much argument to demonstrate either fact. On the other hand, the rats killed a newly born baby in one of the New York hospitals last week, which was decidedly "metropolitan."

Pine Lumber for Jerusalem.—A firm in Savannah, have just received an order for 200,000 feet of pine lumber for the Holy Land. Portions of the cargo are destined for Jerusalem and Damascus. A similar venture made last year was successful. The Savannah Republican remarks, "there is something novel in the thought that the palaces of the Holy Land are to be rebuilt with materials taken from the forest of Georgia."

The Traitor of Solferino.—The Augsburg Allgemeine Zeitung states that since the suicide of the Austrian General Eynatten—committed in consequence of the discovery of great frauds perpetrated by him—it has been discovered beyond doubt that it was through his agency the French and Sardinian armies became apprised of the premeditated attack of the Austrians at Solferino. It will be remembered that the Austrians expected to take the allies by surprise, and were not a little surprised themselves at the defeat which they sustained.

According to Dr. Forbes Winslow, there are in London 16,000 children trained to crime; 5,000 receivers of stolen goods; 15,000 gamblers; 25,000 beggars; 30,000 drunkards; 180,000 habitual *gin-drinkers*; 150,000 *persons subsisting on profligacy*; 50,000 *thieves*.

A giant named Thomas Weber, the largest man in Baltimore, and one of the heaviest in the Union, died there a few days ago. He weighed 460 pounds, and at his burial took plump *seven* feet in length of coffin. It is said that two years ago he only weighed from 150 to 175 pounds, and that his rapid growth was owing to his habitual consumption of *a keg of lager bier per day!*

All Fools Day at Cleveland.—On the evening previous to All Fools Day the Cleveland Plaindealer "was informed" that a tribe of gipsies, numbering between three and four hundred, encamped in Forest Grove, about four miles from town that morning, and would remain over Sunday. The item concluded with "they will doubtless be visited by large numbers of townspeople to-morrow." The prediction was verified, for by nine o'clock the next morning there wasn't a horse to be found in any of the livery stables. Three hundred citizens who visited Forest Grove, found they had been April fooled badly.

Damages for a Leg.—Miss Mary E. Cloyen recently sued the Boston and Worcester Railroad Company for $20,000 damages for the loss of a leg, by an accident on that road, and a jury, last Friday week, gave her an award of $10,000.

The Duchess of Leeds recently subscribed £1,000 in aid of the Pope. This lady is an American, and one of the grand-daughters of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

The assignees of the Boston booksellers, Phillips, Sampson & Co., will be able to pay the creditors sixty cents on the dollar. They have already declared a dividend of fifty five per cent. The paper of this firm could have been bought, in great abundance six months ago, for half what is now to be paid to the creditors as the first dividend.

Maple sugar is very plenty and cheap in Minnesota, more so than usual, in fact. The country people have had a successful sugar season this spring.

A new thermometer has been invented by M. Victor Beaumont, which is said to be far superior to the mercurial thermometer. It consists of a strip of steel and one of brass soldered together, and bent in the form of a segment of a circle. Brass is affected twice as much as steel by the temperature, and hence, by graduating the movements at the end of the compound strip, the variations of temperature are recorded.

The Mrs. Brennan Elopement.—A correspondent of the New York Tribune, writing from Rome, clears up this reputed tragedy, which caused a great deal of talk a few years ago in New York, as it was believed that the missing lady had been murdered. It will be remembered that the lady intended to leave New York for Staten Island, was too late for the boat, had to take another boat, landing at a different place from her home, on reaching the landing entered a hack, and was never seen afterwards by her friends.

Mrs. Brennan has been seen again and again in Italy, by persons who know her well—always in company with the same man, always after the first occasion veiled, and always distinctly recognized as their old friend, Mrs. Brennan. Miss ——— describes her as short of stature, with light hair and eyes, and an unusually low forehead; but no personal description can be so satisfactory as the declaration of a respectable lady who knew Mrs. Brennan so well. Capt. ——— describes the woman in question as about 25 or 28 years of age, sallow-faced, with leaden, baby eyes, light hair, and on the whole rather prepossessing features. He noticed a wart or mole on one side—he believes the left—of her nose, another near the eyebrow, and another behind the ear.

Miss ———'s mother met a woman whom she recognized as Mrs. Brennan, on the Ponte Vecchio, in Florence. She took her by the wrist, and exclaimed, "Mrs. Brennan!" The only reply was a death like paleness. The man with whom the supposed Mrs. B. was walking took to his heels at Mrs. ———'s salutation.

Her companion is supposed to be a Mr. Wyman. A man named Powell T. Wyman, graduated, according to the Army Register, at West Point, in 1850, and is now First Lieutenant in the 1st Artillery, in which corps Mr. Brennan was Captain. Army officers in Romesay that Lieut. Wyman had a difficulty with Capt. Brennan, touching his wife, in Florida, some months before her disappearance, and that he obtained the leave of absence to come abroad through political influence at Washington, after it had been refused him by Gen. Scott and Col. Thomas. The passport of the Powell T. Wyman recently in Rome does not, however, state he is an army officer, and no one in Rome knows the Lieutenant so as to identify him.

New Gas for Lighting.—The obnoxious monopoly of the gas companies is likely to meet with a corrective agent in superheated steam, which, being charged with coal tar, produces, with marvellous rapidity, and at an excessively low price, any quantity of very rich gas for lighting. Careful analysis has shown it to be composed of free oxygen, 1.8; oxide of carbon, 3; carbonic acid, 5 8; bi-carburetted hydrogen, 17.8; and proto carburetted hydrogen, 71 9. Compared with ordinary coal gas, this artificial gas found to contain nearly one-half less oxide of carbon, and twice as much bi-carburetted hydrogen; its intrinsic value is therefore twice as great. Besides, its composition proves that it is a very permanent mixture, or combination, which remains intact for any distance it may be conducted. After being kept for five months in gasometers, it exhibited no change and left no deposit. A generator capable of furnishing in four hours the gas necessary to light a city of 30,000 souls, and to supply 3,000 burners, is now in course of construction, so that its practical utility will soon be fairly tested.—*London Paper.*

A Captivating Gentleman.—John Iverson was recently arrested and imprisoned at the south for aggravated polygamy; he had thirteen wives. The daughter of the jailor whose hospitality this insatiable polygamist was enjoying while awaiting trial believed him innocent, pitied him, loved him, opened the prison doors, fled with him, and became his fourteenth wife. After eight days of domestic bliss the husband disappeared, and left neither trace nor money behind. A reward was offered for his capture; a description of his fascinating person was circulated; he was recognized in a village tavern by a man who thought of the reward offered, and set about preparing his toils for the victim. In order to instil confidence into his breast, he made his acquaintance, invited him to his mansion, and then went off to procure legal assistance. When he returned, his home was deserted alike by his intended prey and his own wife, whom Iverson had led astray. A wretched man suggests that a proper, though a terribly severe punishment would be to compel this polygamist to live with his fifteen wives at once.

The Cow Distemper in Massachusetts.—The Commissioners appointed to examine into the causes of the epidemic that is now prevailing among the cattle in the Bay State, in pursuing their investigations, found one farmer who had lost eleven cows by pneumonia. The lungs of two of the animals were found to be diseased. The progress of the disease is so insidious that the owner stoutly declares that the cow has not been sick. The whole stock of another young farmer—eighteen head—had to be sacrificed, comprising very fine animals. In every herd of cattle visited, the disease was found. Ten thousand dollars were appropriated by the Legislature for the extermination of the disease; on Wednesday week this sum had been exhausted, and one hundred fresh cases were reported. The greatest alarm naturally prevails throughout the grazing country. The malady is as infectious as small pox.

Lace Cotton.—The editor of the New Orleans Delta has been shown some samples of the lace cotton. It is represented to be a fine and beautiful article, of staple nearly equal to the Sea Island, and of light salmon hue, lighter than nankin. It was grown in Hinds county, Miss., and sold at from 15 to 18 cents per pound. There is some mystery, says the Delta, about the origin of this cotton. A romantic story is told of a returning Nicaraguan patriot, born and raised in Mississippi, one of Walker's men, who, being attracted, while on a march, by the appearance of cotton, gathered some of the seeds, and placed them in his porte-monnaie. On his return home, wounded, sick, and when about to die, he requested some relative to take the seeds from his porte-monnaie and plant them. This was done, and the product, under good cultivation, is this superior article.

Dr. Achilli's Family in Destitute Circumstances.—The Florence correspondent of the Newark Advertiser mentions that the wife and children of Dr. Achilli, a convert from the Roman Catholic church, about whom some excitement was recently created in Hoboken, and who has consolidated Protestant feeling both in England and the United States, are in a perfectly destitute condition, living on the alms of our countrymen. He shipped them at New York last year, under a specious pretext, with the promise to supply their wants monthly by bills of exchange, since which the only intelligence they have had of him was through the newspaper report of his having another woman and child in New Jersey. Measures have been taken to call him to account.

Oil Giving Out.—The Pittsburg Dispatch says:—The oil fever is said to be subsiding very rapidly in the region up the Allegheny where it first broke out. It is stated that some of the wells that yielded most abundantly have entirely "give out"—pumped clear and clean of everything wealth. It is also whispered that many claims are in the market, or offered in partnership, on considerably lower terms than formerly—in short, that parties are at least terribly scared, if not badly hurt, who buy a little while ago were perfectly sanguine of large fortunes. These rumors are floating down—possibly on the rafts from that region—and are pretty generally credited, whether true or exaggerated.

A Horse Thief Pleads American Custom.—A young man, of twenty-seven years, named Jas. Warner, who claims to be an inhabitant of the United States, was tried in England lately on a charge of stealing a horse. He asserted that he was innocent, saying that it was a common thing in America to "borrow" a horse for a short time in the way he had done, and nothing was thought about it. The judge remarked that such acts in England were considered stealing, and sentenced the prisoner to 18 months' hard labor.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—There is very little export demand for Flour, but, with continued light receipts and the high prices now current for wheat, holders have succeeded in realizing a further slight advance since the close of last week. The sales comprise about 13,000 bbls, part taken for shipment, at $6@6,12½ for superfine, $6,25@6,50 for common and good extras, $6,90@6,75 for family, and $7@7,50 for fancy do, as in quality, including about 3000 bbls of the latter, choice brands, on terms kept private. The sales to the trade have been to a fair extent, within the above range of prices, according to brand and quality. Rye Flour is firmly held, with further sales in lots at $4,25. Corn Meal is inquired for, but generally at a price below the views of holders, and some 1500 bbls Pennsylvania sold, part at $3,62½ ₱ bbl, and part private.

GRAIN—There is rather more wheat offering and selling, and holders, under a fair demand for milling, have put up their prices 2@3c ₱ bus. The sales include about 33,000 bus, in lots, at from $1,48 to $1,55 for fair to good and choice reds, and $1,68@1,75 for white. Rye is steady, with further sales of 6000 bus at 88c. Corn is better, and all offered, about 28,000 bus yellow, sold at 75@78c for prime lots in store and afloat, and from 58 to 70c for damaged, as to condition; some white also sold at 74@76c, and the market closed firm, and prime scarce at our highest figures. Oats continue dull, and only about 15,000 bus found buyers at 45c for Pennsylvania, and 47½c for Delaware, afloat. Barley and Malt are unchanged, but very quiet at previous quotations, say 80@85c for the former and 90c for the latter.

PROVISIONS—The market has been steady, but very inactive during the past week, and about 750 bbls Pork sold at $18,25@18,50 ₱ bbl, the latter for city packed Mess, including 350 bbls, Prime on terms kept private. Beef is dull, and selling in a small way only for ship stores, at quotations. Of Bacon the sales have also been light, past to go South, at 10@10½c for Sides, 8@8½c for Shoulders, and 10½@12½c for plain and fancy Hams, usual terms. Of green Meats some further sales are reported at 9½@10c for Hams in salt and pickle, 7½@7½c for Shoulders in salt, and 9½@9½c for Sides. Some rough cut sold at 7, 8 and 9c ₱ lb, respectively, usual terms. Lard is steady, and sells slowly at 11½@11½c for prime Western, in bbls and ice, and 12@12½c in kegs, some common quality brought 10@10½c. Butter is unchanged, with further sales at Roll at 16@18c, the latter for prime, which is scarce. Packed continues dull. Cheese—New is selling on arrival at 11@12c. Eggs are plenty, and dull at 13c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The receipts are light, and the fine grades are scarce and command full prices, but other kinds are dull and neglected; buyers coming forward slowly and purchasing only to supply their immediate wants; the sales reach about 1200 bales, in small lots, at from 8½ up to 13½c for Uplands and Gulfs, cash and time, for inferior to good middling and middling fair, mostly middling and middling fair Uplands at 11½ to 12½c, cash.

BARK—Quercitron continues in demand and scarce, and all offered finds ready sale at $30 for 1st No 1. Nothing doing in Tanners' Bark.

BEESWAX—There is some little inquiry for good yellow, but at a price below the views of holders, who ask 35@36c ₱ lb for that description.

COAL—The receipts and stocks are on the increase, but orders come in slowly, and the market is without any quotable change, and a moderate business doing for the season both for shipment and home use.

COFFEE—There is very little stock in first hands to operate in, and the market has been very quiet, the sales being confined to a few small lots of Rio at 12½@14½c, and Laguayra at 14c, on time, the latter to go out of the market.

COPPER—There is little or nothing doing in Sheathing to alter quotations. Of Yellow Metal sales of American are reported at 20c, 6 mos.

FURS—Beaver, Santa Fe, per lb, $2@2,50; Rocky Mt, do. $3@3,50; Muskrat Skin do, 10@14c; Nutria do 30@45c; Raccoon do, 30@50c.

FEATHERS—There are very few offering or selling, and we quote Western at 48@50c ₱ lb.

FRUIT is dull, and Dried Apples sell slowly at 5@5½c ₱ lb. Dried Peaches are scarce and high, and a small business doing at quotations. Green Apples are also scarce and high.

HEMP—The market is quiet but without any changes to note. A small sale of Western dressed was made at $210, on time.

HIDES—Holders are firm in their views, and the stocks light, with further sales of 800 Caracas, different marks, from a late importation at about 21c, on time. A sale of Calcutta Hides is also reported, on terms kept private.

HOPS are dull, and good Eastern and Western move off as wanted at 12@15c, as in quality.

IRON—There is little or nothing doing in this staple, and the market is almost at a stand still, but without any particular change to note; the sales of Anthracite comprise about 1000 tons, in lots, mostly at $23 for No 1, and $22 for No 2, on time.—Scotch Pig is scarce and selling in a small way only at $25@26. Of Blooms, a further sale was made at $60 ₱ ton, on time. In manufactured Iron there is also very little doing, and prices rule about the same, but the market generally is dull.

LEAD remains quiet, and we are only advised of a further small sale of Virginia, at equal to $5,60 the 100 lbs cash, the stock continues very light, and holders firm in their views.

LEATHER—The market for good stock has been more active, for Slaughter especially, for which there is a large demand for the Eastern trade, and prices are fully maintained.

LUMBER is arriving and selling more freely, and the demand is fair for the season: sales include White Pine Boards at $14@17, Yellow Sap do $14@16, Lehigh Hemlock do $10½@11, Cypress Shingles $13 ₱ 2 feet, $19 for long do, and Lathe in lots at about $2 ₱ M.

MOLASSES—The market is firm, and the stocks light, among the sales we notice a cargo of Trinidad at 30½c; some Muscovado at 32@34c, and New Orleans, in lots, at 46@48c, as in quality, all on the usual terms.

PLASTER is beginning to arrive more freely, and the market is unsettled and lower, sales having been made at $3,25@3,50 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—There has been some little demand for Clovereed, and further small sales are reported at from $4,50@5 ₱ bus—the latter for prime. Timothy is scarce and wanted, and in the absence of sales we quote it nominally at $3,50@3,75 ₱ bus. Of Flaxseed, further small sales are reported at $1,62 ₱ bus. Red Top is firmer, and held at $2,20@2,25 ₱ sack.

SPIRITS—Holders of Brandies are very firm in their demands, but the sales have been limited and prices the same. Gins are steady. N E Rum moves off as wanted at 35@36c. Whiskey is better, and selling more freely at 19½c for Drudge, 21c for bbls, 21@21½c for Penna bbls, and 22@22½c for Ohio do—now generally held higher.

SUGARS—The stocks and receipts are moderate for the season, and holders very firm in their views; the week's sales reaching some 600 hhds in lots at from 6¾ to 7½c for Cuba, 6¾@7½c for Porto Rico, and 7@7½c for New Orleans, on the usual terms. The demand is chiefly from the trade.

TALLOW—The market is unsettled and lower, with sales of city to note at 10½c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO—The market is unchanged and very quiet.

WOOL—The market is unsettled and very quiet, with a small business only to note in fleece and pulled, principally the latter, at about former rates.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1900 head. The prices ranged at $10,25 ₱ 100 lbs, though most sold only brought $10. Ordinary cattle sold as low as $8, and prices for good and prime ranged from $8,75 to 9,50 ₱ 100 lbs. Sheep—4100 head were sold at 5½@7½c ₱ lb. gross. 2000 head of Hogs were disposed of at from $7,25 to 8 for still fed, and from $8 25 to 9 ₱ 100 lbs net for corn fed. Cows—175 head at from $20 to 50, according to quality and condition.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

April 25.—BREADSTUFFS advanced—Sales of 7500 bbls at $5,00@5,10 for State, $5,20@5,50 for Ohio, and $5,40@5,70 for Southern. Wheat is held at an advance of 1@2c. Corn is also held at the same advance. Pork quiet. Lard firm. Whiskey dull.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Thursday evening, 26th ultimo, by the Rev. H. A. Boardman, D. D., Mr. William Rhoads, of Memphis, Tenn. to Miss Mary E. Tully, of this city. Tenn. papers please copy.

At the residence of Jonathan P. Magill, on fifth-day, 4th mo. 19th, by Friends' ceremony, Henry C. Phillips, of Faxon, Minnesota, to Kate J. Magill, of Solebury, Bucks county, Pa.

On the morning of the 25th ultimo, at St. Philip's Church, by the Rev. Chas. D. Cooper, Stephen D Smith, to Elizabeth M. daughter of Samuel Cuthbert, both of this city.

Aug. 15, 1859, at the residence of the Hon. Henry King, Allentown, by the Rev. Mr. Judkins, Jesse Smith, to Annie, daughter of J. McClelland, Esq.

On the 18th ultimo, at the residence of the bridegroom, Camden, N. J. by the Rev. Dr. J. P. Garrison, Mr. James A. Parsons, to Miss Annie B. Johnson, all of the former place.

On the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. Jos. D. Kennard, Mr. J. Burd, to Miss Emma M. Baker, both of this city.

On the 23d of March, by the Rev. T. J. Shepherd, Mr. James H. Hand, to Miss Sophia A. Crane, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Nashville, Tenn. on Thursday, 19th of April, 1860, of congestive chills, Samuel Breese Snowden, grandson of the late Isaac Snowden, of Philadelphia, and son of the late Rev. Samuel Finley Snowden, of Sackett's Harbor, N. Y., in his 64th year. New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago papers please copy.

On the 24th ultimo, Joseph J. Carlile, in his 49th year.

April 24th, of typhoid pneumonia, Almira J. Taylor.

Suddenly, on the 25th ultimo, Emily, daughter of the late Stacy K. Potts.

On the 23d ultimo, Aaron H Burtis, in his 62d year.

In this city, on Monday, April 23d, Walter V Wheaton, Surgeon U. S. Army, in his 74th year.

At Claymont, Del. on Sunday morning, the 22d ultimo, Thomas A. Myers.

On the 20th ultimo, Eliza Josephine, daughter of John and Mary A. Herman, in her 17th year.

On the 20th ultimo, Hester, wife of D. Frower, in her 51st year.

On the 21st ultimo, Paul Henry, son of Wm. F. Geddes, aged 33 years.

On the 22d ultimo, Mary A. Howard, wife of Russel P. Howard, and daughter of Sophia and the late S. Morris in her 22d year.

On the 23d ultimo, Helen M. Miller, wife of Lybrand W. Miller, in her 30th year.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Withers & Peterson, Bankers, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1868		
" " '62	104	
" " '67	109	—
" " '68	109	—
" " 5's coupon, '74	103	—
Philad 6 pr ct, old	102	102½
" new	105½	106
"	84	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	—	—
" " coupon	38	45
All'y City 6 pr ct	69	73
" County	—	—
" R R issue	53	63
Penn 6 pr ct	102	—
" "	94½	95
Tenn 6 "	91½	92
" " coupon	90	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	86½	—
Ohio " 1868	93½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	93½	95½
Virginia "	97½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	82	—
Cal State 7 pr ct	—	—
new bonds	91½	92
N Y City, 6's	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c.		
PHILADELPHIA.		
North American	136	140
Philadelphia	119	120
Far & Mec	—	58½
Commercial	50	55½
N Liberty	—	61
Mechanics	26½	27
Southwark	60	—
P Township	56	—
Kensington	60	—
Girard	—	48
Western	—	42
Man & Mec	27	—
Commerce	70	—
Tradesman's	62½	—
City	42	—
Consolidation	23½	—
Commonwealth	21	32
Corn Exchange	—	21½
Germantown	—	58
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	56	—
Exchange "	56	—
Kentucky, Ky	155	200
Northern "	124	—
Louisville "	123	—
Lazarus "	118	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	90	—
Planters "	—	109
N O Gas Light	101	—
Com & R R Bank,	—	—
Vicksburg	7	71
Washington Gas Light Co	23½	—
Lehigh Zinc	1	11
New Creek	—	4
New Grenada	—	—
N America Ins'co	17	20
N Liberties Gas	20	—
Southwark and Frankford R R	52½	56
Reads	20	—

	Bid.	Asked.
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania R R 6 pr ct mort bonds	102	103½
" bonds '70	98	98½
" " stock	57½	57½
" " stock 21 44-100	20	21
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	91½	92
" stock	46	—
Phila, Wil & Balt stock	30	40
6 pr ct loan, '80	95½	—
Ches Val R R, '75	86½	—
Tioga R R '75	—	80
Wil'ms & Elmira 7's 1st mort	56	58
" 2nd "	10	—
" stock	1	3
Catawissa	1	3
Beaver Meadow stock	60½	—
" preferred 10 pr ct	58	—
North Penn'a R R stock	9	9½
6 pr ct loan	60	60½
Phil Ger & Nor RR stock, div'd off	43	48
6 pr ct loan	97	102
Minehill R R	50½	—
Har & Lan R R stock	55½	56
bonds '83	90	—
L. Schuylkill R R stock	13	15
Long Island R R stock	23½	24
bonds	60	65
Erie R R stock	—	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	80½	—
Michigan Central	47½	48
Illinois "	57½	—
Michigan Southern	17½	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '82	74½	74½
imp. 6 pr ct	60	—
stock	—	8½
preferred	10½	12
Lehigh Nav stock	53½	53½
mort 6 pr ct	100	101
scrip	32	32½
Morris Canal'd	59½	—
preferred	110	—
Ches & Del	46	—
bonds	70	—
Union	1	—
bonds	—	20
Sus & Tidewater	31	4
bonds, 1878	30½	—

BANK NOTE LIST.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Withers & Peterson, Bankers, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, April 28, 1860.

PENNSYLVANIA.		**SOUTH CAROLINA.**	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	½ dis
NEW JERSEY.		**ALABAMA.**	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 2½ dis
DELAWARE		**MISSISSIPPI.**	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	All bks	uncertain
MARYLAND.		**LOUISIANA.**	
Baltimore	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**OHIO.**	
NEW YORK.		Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
Sol bks	par to ¼ dis	**KENTUCKY.**	
MAINE.		Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**INDIANA**	
NEW HAMPSHIRE		State bank	1 to 1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**ILLINOIS**	
VERMONT		Solv bks	3 dis
Solv bks	½ dis	**MISSOURI.**	
CONNECTICUT.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**TENNESSEE.**	
MASSACHUSETTS.		Old bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**MICHIGAN.**	
RHODE ISLAND.		Solv bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**WISCONSIN.**	
VIRGINIA.		Solv bks	3 dis
Solv bks	¼ to 1 dis	**TEXAS.**	
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	— dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**CANADA.**	
NORTH CAROLINA.		Solv bks	1 dis
Solv bks	½ to 1½ dis		
GEORGIA.			
Solv bks	¼ dis		

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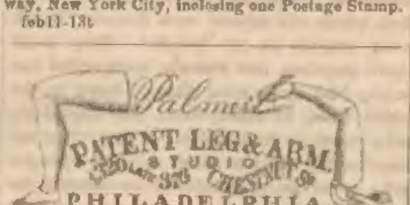

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2. WHEN I WAS SINGLE.
3. THE EVENING STAR.
4. MY GRANDMA'S ADVICE.
5. I'M SIXTY-TWO.
6. WILLIE, WE HAVE MISSED YO

Wit and Humor.

A SENSIBLE SERENADE.

By One Who Has Written the Other Kind.

I.

The surf upon the distant shore is breaking,
Bright tears of dew the roses seem to weep;
But you are prejudiced against awaking,
So I'll sing small, and let you have your sleep!
Sleep, lady, sleep!

II.

You shall not chide me for this song, love, shall
you?
I take great pains my voice subdued to keep,
For well I understood the lofty value
All sane folks set upon a wholesome sleep!
Sleep, lady, sleep!

III.

Some fellows—at their nonsense oft I wonder—
Sing out with voices strong and loud and deep,
Until their loved ones wish they'd go to thunder,
Or, like myself, sing small, and let them sleep!
Sleep, lady, sleep!

IV.

The grass is wet, I find that I am sneezing—
This kind of thing is getting rather steep:
The thought of rheumatism is n't pleasing,
So, with your leave, I'll home to bed and sleep!
Sleep, lady, sleep! —*Vanity Fair.*

BEAT AT HIS OWN GAME.

The late talented but eccentric Judge M———, of Mississippi, was making a speech to a large crowd, in 1840, in behalf of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," when the following incident took place, much to the discomfiture of one of the parties:

General ———, a distinguished captain in his day, had made a very violent speech against General Harrison, and had accused him of cowardice in the battle of Tippecanoe—which battle, by the way, had given to General H. the well known soubriquet of "Old Tippecanoe." In order to disprove this charge, coming as it did from such high authority, Judge M——— reviewed, in a masterly manner, the plan and order of that famous battle, and showed conclusively that the opinion of the General was entirely unfounded. He took particular pains to paint to the eye of his vast audience where General Harrison stood, what were his movements, and what his orders; at what point stood the gallant Daviess, and where he received his death-wound; at what point the enemy made their most deadly attack, and how and where they were repulsed; at what point the clarion-voice of the General gave confidence to the troops, and caused them to regain their confidence in the deadly fight. After dwelling upon all the stirring incidents of the battle, and depicting the glories of the triumphant victory, he asked the audience, in a high and triumphant key, "if there was a man in the sound of his voice who, after hearing this vindication of General Harrison, could for one moment believe that the noble old hero of Tippecanoe acted cowardly on that glorious occasion?" I repeat," said the Judge, "is there a man in this vast crowd who has the hardihood, after all I have said, to declare that General Harrison, the renowned warrior and statesman, was a coward in the battle of Tippecanoe?"

A voice from the outskirts of the crowd cried, in thunder tones.

"I say it!"

"Who are you?" said the Judge. "Stand up, and let me see you! I wish to let the crowd see what sort of a man you are."

The crowd around the person who had thus created a sensation so thrilling, literally pushed him up, so that all could see him. While standing upon the bench opposite the Judge he proved to be almost a giant in size, fully equal to the Judge, who, like Saul, was a head and shoulders taller than his tribe. The Judge gazed upon the bold intruder with magnificent disdain. It seemed as though he was trying to blast him with a look, the crowd meantime looking on with intense interest, and wondering how it would end.

"Are you the man," said the Judge, "who says General Harrison acted cowardly at the battle of Tippecanoe?"

"I am!" said the man, in tones both loud and bold.

"Upon what grounds do you have the brazen impudence to make the charge?" said the Judge, in a higher and loftier key.

"Because I was there and saw him," said the man.

The Judge looked at him with scorn, and cried,

"Do you say you were at the battle of Tippecanoe?"

"I do!" said the man.

The Judge raised himself on tiptoe, elevated both arms above his head, and thundered forth in the voice of Stentor,

"You're a liar! for if you had been there *I'd have seen you!*"

The big fellow dropped from the bench on which he was standing as suddenly as though he had been shot through the heart. The vast crowd yelled with delight at his discomfiture. The bold assertion of the Judge overthrew the slanderer, and the people rejoiced. He not only made the Goliah of the base falsehood believe that he had been in the battle, but the crowd, too, when nothing was farther from the truth. He knew the intruder was gassing; and he went a stone's throw beyond him, and beat him at his own game.

NEW WAY OF TELLING A GOOD NOTE.—A citizen of a neighboring town went to market one morning, and having purchased a turkey of a countryman gave him in payment a bank note. The countryman was doubtful of the genuineness of the bill, and ran across to old M'C———'s store to submit it to his inspection.

Now M'C——— was very near sighted, and so put the note close to his "peepers." The examination was satisfactory; for, handing the note back, he pronounced it genuine. The countryman eyed him as he cancelled, and as he went out of the store he exclaimed, "Well, I'll be whipped if ever I see a man tell a good note before *by smelling of it!*"

RULES FOR SLEEP—AN IMPROVEMENT ON DR. HALL.—1st. As soon as you are in bed, have Bridget hand the wash bowl to you. Then place it immediately beneath the small of your back, and you will immediately sink into a calm slumber. It should not remain in that position long enough to produce stupor.

2nd. Try to think of something you can't remember; the more you can't think of it, the sleepier you will get.

3rd. Let John or Phineas pour ice water down the sleeve of your shirt for an hour or two, while he holds a lump to your nose.

4th. Count two millions, slowly and deliberately. You will certainly be asleep before you have counted that number.

5th. Hold a wire against the nerve of your toothache. This is infallible—patent applied for.

6th. Have your back gently smoothed with a curry comb, or read the Common Council proceedings.

A FARMER'S STORY.—At the Woodbury ploughing-match, a few days ago, Mr. John Daw told the following anecdote:—

Having drained a field where nothing had ever grown before, I was standing near, looking at a crop I had there, when a neighboring farmer came up. We had one or two loose farmers in our neighborhood; one of them, in fact, came from Woodbury; (laughter;) but that is not the man I am speaking of. He came up and said to me—

"That is a bootiful crop! How did ee get it, sir?"

I replied, "Brains." (Laughter.)

"What! manure the field wi' brains?" (More laughter.)

The fact was, I had drained the field; so I said, "Yes." (Renewed laughter.)

He replied,

"Goodness, yer honor, where did ye get um?" (Roars of laughter.)—*Sherborne Journal.*

A TRIFLING DIFFERENCE.—Judge H———, of Detroit, although celebrated in his profession, was noted among his acquaintances as being very dull of seeing a pun. One day, being at a dinner party, the following conundrum was given by one of the guests:

"When is a young lady like a vehicle in common use?"

"When she is a little sulkey?"

The Judge, like all the rest of the company, thought it first-rate. The next evening, paying a visit to Miss Belle C———, the Judge thought it would please her as well, and gave it as follows:

"When is a young lady like a vehicle in common use?"

Miss C———, having given it up, the Judge replied, to her amazement and amusement,

"When she is a little buggy!"

VICTORIA'S FIRST MOMENT OF SOVEREIGNTY.—If the following relation is true—as there is no reason to doubt—there was good foundation in the conscientious and early mature character of the Princess Victoria, for the good Queen, wife and mother *which she has proved* herself to be:

William the Fourth expired about midnight at Windsor Palace. The Archbishop of Canterbury, with other peers and other high functionaries of the kingdom were in attendance. As soon as the "sceptre had departed" with the last breath of the King, the Archbishop quitted Windsor Castle, and made his way with all possible speed to Kensington Palace, the residence at that time of the Princess—already by the law of succession Queen Victoria. He arrived long before daylight, announced himself, and requested an immediate interview with the Princess. She hastily attired herself, and met the venerable prelate in her ante-room. He informed her of the demise of William, and finally announced to her that she was, in law and right, successor to the deceased monarch. The sovereignty of the most powerful nation lay at the feet of a girl of eighteen. She was, *de jure*, Queen of the only realm, in fact or history, on which the sun never set. She was deeply agitated. The first words she uttered were these: "I ask your prayers in my behalf." They knelt down together, and Victoria inaugurated her reign, like the young King of Israel in the olden time, by asking from the Most High, who ruleth in the kingdoms of men, "an understanding heart to judge so great a people, who could not be numbered nor counted for the multitude."

CURIOUS SANITARY FACTS.—At Montfaucon, in Paris there is one of the most extensive knacker-yards in the world. Thousands of horses, dogs, and cats are slaughtered there—the flesh and offal, after the animals are skinned, being allowed to remain and putrefy for the purpose of manure. Every one can imagine the fetid odor produced by heaps of flesh left to putrefy for months in the open air, and in the heat of the sun; to which must be added the gases given out from mountains of skeletons not properly cleansed from the soft parts, and the emanations arising from a soil saturated from year to year with blood and animal liquids. But, if you interrogate the numerous workmen who belong to the establishment, they will answer that they are never ill, and that the effluvia which they inhale, far from injuring them, contribute to keep them in good health. If you examine them you will see they have all the appearance of the most perfect health. The robust health of the wife and five children of Friand were remarkable, for they had all the year worked and slept in a place which was actually unapproachable to the members of the Commission, on account of the stench. In respect to the longevity of these knackers, many of them are sixty or seventy years old, quite robust and active. Inquiries showed that their parents died at an advanced age. Of the last three knackers that died, one was sixty, another seventy, and a third eighty four.—*Dechatelet.*

☞ A contemporary wants to know in what age woman has been held in the highest esteem. We don't know, but certainly in disagreeable indian-ink a far, far space in the world now than they ever did before.

THE Pupils of Paradise Hall obeying the advice of their revered Preceptor—"to retire quietly to their sleeping apartment, and there lie down as quietly to repose."

THE TWO HEADED EAGLE.

The origin of the device of the eagle on national and royal banners may be traced to very early times. It was the ensign of the ancient kings of Persia and Babylon. The Romans adopted many other figures on their camp standards; but Marius, B. C., 102, made the eagle alone the ensign of the legions, and confined the other figures to the cohorts. From the Romans, the French, under the Empire, adopted the eagle. The emperors of the Western Roman Empire used a black eagle, those of the East, a golden one. The sign of the golden eagle, met with in taverns, is in allusion to the emperors of the East. Since the time of the Romans, almost every state that has assumed the designation of an Empire has taken the eagle for its ensign; Austria, Prussia, Russia, Poland, and France, all took the eagle. The two-headed eagle signifies a double empire. The Emperors of Austria, who claim to be considered the successors of the Cæsars of Rome, use the double-headed eagle, which is the eagle of the Eastern Emperors with that of the Western, typifying the "Holy Roman Empire," of which the Emperors of Germany (now merged into the House of Austria,) consider themselves as its representatives. Charlemagne was the first to use it; for when he became master of the whole of the German Empire, he added the second head to the eagle, A. D., 802, to denote that the Empires of Rome and Germany were united in him. As it is among birds the king, and being the emblem of a noble nature, from its strength of wing, and eye, and courage, and also of conscious strength and innate power, the eagle has been universally preferred as the continental emblem of sovereignty. Of the different eagles of heraldry, the black eagle is considered the most *noble, especially when blazoned on a golden* shield.

ANECDOTE OF A HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.—Though the taste of the Hop be bitter, the perfume is delicious. It is quite an attraction, and gives one an idea of the manner in which insects are drawn to their own peculiar diet or comfort by the sense of smell. Unfortunately it is only to be richly perceived in the direction of the wind, and, after a few sniffs, it ceases to be perceived at all. But German homœopathists, who are very sensitive creatures, and particularly fearful of all sorts of smells, are awfully afraid of a hop-kiln. We remember a case of a young lady, who was under German homœopathic treatment, telling her physician that she had been a-hopping, and she began to expatiate on the deliciousness of the perfume. But he screamed with horror. "Horreeble! horreeble! most horreeble! You could not have done anything worse! You have spoiled the effect of all my medicine! I shall just have to begin again!" Did I not tell you to keep free of smells!" "I don't call it a smell. I call it a perfume," retorted the lady. "Vell, it is de same ding," said the doctor.

A SUBTLE LAWYER.—When Lord Mansfield (then Mr. Murray) was examined before the Privy Council, about the year 1747, for drinking the Pretender's health on his knees (which he certainly did,) it was urged against him, among other things, to show how strong a well-wisher he was to the cause of the exiled family, that, when he was employed as Solicitor-General against the *rebels* who were tried in 1746, he had never used that term, but always called them *unfortunate gentlemen*. When he came to his defence he said the fact was true; and he should only say that "he pitied that man's loyalty who thought that *epithets* could add to the guilt of treason!"—an admirable instance of a dexterous and subtle evasion.—*Malone.*

☞ A good anecdote is told of a man named Bently, a confirmed drunker, who would never drink with a friend or in public, and always bitterly denied, when a little too deep, ever tasting liquor. One day some bad witnesses concealed themselves in his room, and when the liquor was running down his throat, seized him, with his arm crooked and his mouth open, and holding him fast, asked with an air of triumph: "Ah, Bently, have we caught you at last? You never drink, ha!" Now one would suppose that Bently would have acknowledged the corn; not he; with the most grave and inexpressible face, he calmly, and in a dignified manner, said: "Gentlemen, my name is not Bently!"

☞ A sensible writer advises those who would enjoy good eating, to keep good-natured: "foe," says he "an angry man can't tell whether he is eating boiled cabbage, or stewed umbrella."

☞ "I cannot!" is often a gentleman; while "I'll see!" is generally a sneak. Very few who promise to "see," ever mean what they promise. It is a way the heartless have of evading a duty.

Agricultural.

WHO EVER KNEW A GOOSE DIE FROM OLD AGE?

An answer to this question might not be easier than one to that of—Who ever saw a dead donkey? which it is said was some time ago proposed in a club of savans in natural history. The late Col. Jaques brought a pair of wild geese from Montreal in 1818—their age at that time unknown, but must have been three years or upwards, as they were capable of breeding. They continued to breed every year till killed by dogs which broke into Col. J.'s poultry-yard six years ago. The same gentleman imported from Bremen in 1843, four of the so-called Bremen or Embden geese, one of the females of which we think is still living, and the last we heard of her had bred every year since she came to this country. But these cases of anserine longevity are much exceeded by a goose said to have been exhibited at the last New Jersey State Fair. It is stated that a card attached to her cage gave the following account:—"This goose is now owned by Robt. Schomp of Redington, Hunterdon county, N. J. She has been in his possession twenty five years, and was given to him by his grandfather, Major H. J. Schomp. Robert's father is now in his 85th year, and this goose was a gift to *his* mother, as a part of her marriage outfit. The mate of this goose was killed in the Revolutionary war, being rode over by a troop of cavalry. She enjoys general good health, is not so active as she once was, but moves about among her descendants with dignity and considerable activity. In the spring of 1857, she laid six eggs, three of which were hatched, and the goslings raised. In 1858, she made seven nests, and laid but two eggs, evidence perhaps of failing faculties. Her eyes are becoming dim, one having almost entirely failed. The year of her birth cannot be known."

HOW TO TEST THE QUALITY OF WOOL.—A Texas paper says:—Take a lock of wool from the sheep's back and place it upon an inch rule. If you can count from thirty to thirty-three of the spirals or folds in the space of an inch, it equals in quality the finest Electoral of Saxony wool grown.

Of course, when the number of spirals to the inch diminishes, the quality of the wool becomes relatively inferior.

Many tests have been tried, but this is considered the simplest and best.

Cotswold wool and some other inferior wools do not measure nine spirals to the inch.

With this test, every farmer has in his possession a knowledge which will enable him to form a correct judgment of the quality of all kinds of wool. There are some coarse wools which experienced wool growers do not rank as wool, but as hair, on account of the hardness and straightness of the fibre.

TO PREVENT FORKED TREES SPLITTING.—J. T. Mosier, Sheboygan county, Wis., recommends to twist or wind together a few of the smaller limbs above the fork, which will grow in that position as the tree increases in size, and form a natural brace. He states that he has many trees successfully treated in this manner. We have prevented forked trees inclined to split, and even severed those that had already commenced to part, by boring through with an inch auger and driving in a strong wooden pin. A smaller iron bolt, with a head on one end and a nut on the other end is even better. The new growth will soon cover the pin or bolt.—*American Agriculturist.*

HAS REQUIRED FOR COWS.—Otis Brigham, of Westborough, Mass., after 70 years' experience in farming, says in the N. E. Farmer, that good cows will eat on an average 20 lbs of hay per day, when giving milk, and 15 lbs. when dry—not by guess work, but tested by actual weighing for months at a time. They will pay well for their keeping, by an average of 6 qts. of milk per day through the year. He estimates summer pasture at 50 cents per week, and milk at 3½ cents a quart.

SMOKING SEED CORN.—At a late discussion of a farmer's club in Illinois, reported in the Chicago Farmer's Advocate, Mr. Ide said that he selects his seed ears in the field before frost; hangs them in a smoke-house—the more smoke the better. The pyroligneous acid imbibed by the corn will bring it up in dry or hot weather, and at the end of four weeks the growth will be twice that of corn planted at the same time without smoking, and will be left entirely alone by the mice, squirrels or worms.

CRIBBING.—Turn the horse out so that he can come to the *bare ground* for an hour or two each day for a few weeks, and see if he will then bite his crib.—*N. E. Farmer.*

DO ANIMALS CONSUME FOOD IN PROPORTION TO THEIR SIZE?

We suppose that this question will generally receive an affirmative answer. Mr. John Johnson, of New York, whose success in fattening stock has given his opinion on this subject equal authority with his opinion on draining, has recently written some advice to a young farmer on buying and fattening stock, which answers our question in the negative, at least so far as fatting animals are concerned. He says, in an article published in the Country Gentleman, that:

"It takes no more feed to fat a lot of sheep averaging 140 or 150 pounds, than it does the same number averaging only 85 or 90 pounds; therefore it is more profitable to feed heavy sheep than light ones. It takes no more to fat a steer that weighs 1,400 pounds, live weight, than it does to fat one weighing 900 or 1,000 pounds, and the largest will always gain the most, with equal feed, if they are of the same age. Then, when fat, the largest are worth more per pound to the butcher; so there is a profit every way in fattening cattle of a good size, according to their age."

In confirmation of this opinion, he adds that he had heard those whom he regarded as men of practical knowledge say, that all animals except man eat according to their size, and for a long time he believed it, but when he came to feed steers in stalls, some weighing 1,000 pounds, some 1,500 pounds, and found the largest putting on the most fat, and gaining the most in weight, which they would always do, he found those men's theories would not stand the test when tried by practice.

LAYING HENS.—A subscriber at North Shore, Staten Island, gives the following report for 1859:—Eggs laid by 30 hens in January 238; in Feb. 336; in March 478; in April 406; in May 334; in June 311; in July 306; in Aug. 308; in Sept. 227; in Oct. 137; in Nov. 145; in Dec. 365—Total for the year 3,621, or an average of 120 to each hen. (That is certainly egg-cellent.) In January, 1860, 46 hens laid 421 eggs, and they were doing still better in February. In the above case the secrets of subscriber's success in winter consisted of:—Warm house; ample yard room; plenty of grain; meat scraps; kitchen refuse; chopped cabbages; pounded bones or oyster shells, and clean water.—*American Agriculturist.*

PIE-PLANT WINE.—The manufacture of wine from the stalks of pie-plant or rhubarb, has become quite an item in some sections of the west. For two years past, we have tasted of it among our many western friends, and have often found it very pleasant. It is much improved by age, although when quite new it is palatable, and very valuable in the kitchen pastry department. Last summer, we had the pleasure of tasting some that had been made eight years, and found it to resemble a pure Mansinello wine, oily and mild, yet with a pleasant aroma. The maker was William Glasgow, Jr., Esq., of St. Louis, the Longworth of wine making in Missouri.—*Ohio Farmer.*

Useful Receipts.

PREVENTION OF ANTS.—Mrs. D———, my landlady, informs me that she was greatly troubled formerly with ants in her cupboard, in which she kept not only dishes, but victuals; but that the accidental breaking of a bottle of spirits of camphor in the cupboard cleared them all out. She considers camphor a sure remedy against ants in all cupboards, safes, dairies, closets, &c. It will not cost much to try it. J. S. DIXON, M. D.

Bell's Bend, Tenn.

CLEARING COFFEE WITHOUT EGGS.—When eggs cannot be obtained, boil the coffee in a little bag made of millinet, or any other coarse cloth. It will be as clear as amber.—*Moral New Yorker.*

TO KEEP YOUR HANDS FROM CHAPPING.—The following is said to have been told to Mr. Fryor, of Virginia, by Mr. Wikoff:

"I can tell you a secret—how you can wash your hands and keep them deliciously soft," said the Chevalier Wikoff.

"How?" asked Pryor.

"It is a secret worth knowing, but out of my high regard for you I will tell it. Wash your hands with soap until they are covered with the white foam; then let your chamber-maid, or some friend, pour sweet-scented oil into the palms of your hands—a tablespoonful will do; then rub your hands together for some time; finally take a clean towel and wipe your hands. Don't wash with water again.—You will find your hands as white and soft as velvet."

BEET BUTTER.—Boil your beets, then grate them, and to one pint of the beet add one pint water, one pound sugar, one half pint vinegar; boil to the consistency of apple-butter. Spice to the taste.

CORNS CURED.—The safest, the most accessible, and the most efficient cure of a corn on the toe, is to double a piece of thick soft buckskin, cut a hole in it large enough to receive the corn, and bind it around the toe. If, in addition to this, the foot is soaked in warm water for five or more minutes every morning and night, and a few drops of sweet oil or other oily substance are patiently rubbed in on the end after soaking, the corn will almost infallibly become loose enough in a few days to be easily picked out with a finger nail; this saves the necessity of paring the corn, which operation has sometimes been followed with painful and dangerous symptoms. If the corn becomes inconvenient again, repeat the process at once.—*Hall's Journal.*

THE CLASSICS.—It is curious to reflect that a love of, and zeal for, the classics, which in our day is considered rather a mark of a conservative turn of mind, was in old times the sign of an innovator and a revolutionary character. Old Abbots shook their heads, and said, "a dangerous young fellow that!—he reads Greek!" And it is amusing to reflect that a man who despises everything but the classics, now, is often just the man who, in the days of Erasmus, would have despised the classics themselves!

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 1, 4, 8, 13, 3, is one of the greatest blessings God bestowed upon man.
My 2, 2, 10, is an article that is used very much.
My 2, 14, 15, 2, 6, is a kind of berry.
My 7, 9, 16, 12, is what we should all do.
My 15, 2, 11, is a domestic bird.
My 2, 14, 14, 10, is a given name.
My 11, 5, 3, is an adverb.
My 16, 15, 15, is a conjunction.
My 15, 2, 10, 6, is what we all like to be called.
My 5, 13, is an interjection.
My 16, is a letter of the alphabet.
My 8, 10, 7, is what lazy folks do.
My 14, 5, 2, is a name you will find in the Bible.
My 10, 3, 2, is what every one has done.
My 1, 13, 5, 2, is a very necessary article.
My 1, 10, 8, 2, is a kind of plant.
My whole is the name of a distinguished gentleman in Congress. STELLA GORDON.
Irvin Valley, Adams Co., Wis.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 23 letters.
My 11, 21, 5, is a metal.
My 3, 15, 20, 17, is an article for seasoning food.
My 22, 4, 19, 6, is a musical instrument.
My 7, 2, 1, means under.
My 13, 16, 9, is a male's name.
My 12, 18, 23, is an agricultural implement.
My 8, 9, 14, 10, is a word used in the New England States to mean to hire.
My whole is an old adage. H. F. W.
West Chester, Pa.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Although I'm as cold as the Arctic snow,
Or the ice of northern seas,
I'm seen where the orange and almond grow,
And where blows the tropic breeze.

If I'm as cold as the glacier bright,
On the Alps and the Andes found,
Still I'm oft heard on a summer's night,
When the storm king rages round.

I'm seen when birds their matins sing,
When the trees are bleak and drear,
When long and loud the sharp, clear ring
Of the skater sounds through the air.

Pequea, Lancaster Co., Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

RIDDLE.

Drawn from the earth an useless mass, I for a while remain,
And all degrees of heat I pass ere I my beauty gain.
By artist then exactly skilled, I'm with a shape endued,
And when completely finished, filled with vital flesh and blood.
Much prized, to every sex and age, a welcome guest I come,
And do in divers feats engage, of which I'll tell you some:
By force the famous Gordian tie the Macedon disjoined,
But force and skill you'll vainly try to loose the knot I bind.
I Stephen's plaint to Sylvia bear, with much ingenious art,
What in two hours he'd scarce declare, I in two words impart.
But hold! already I too far, I fear, myself unmask;
Ladies, I pray my name declare, 'tis sure an easy task.

OMISSION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 5 letters.
Omit my 1 and 2, transpose, and I am a color.
Omit my 2, transpose, and I am an animal.
Omit my 3 and 5, transpose, and I am a fish.
Omit my 2, transpose, and I am a stick.
My whole is a tree.
West Chester, Pa. H. F. R.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The slant height of a right cone is 20 feet, and the circumference of its base is 10 feet. At the edge of the base of this cone, there is fastened a string, which is wound spirally around it, from the base to the apex, at the distance of one inch apart from each other. Required the length of the string.

☞ An answer is requested.

ARTHMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What river in England is what naughty girls do? Ans.—The river Tease (Tease.)

☞ What people can never live long, nor wear great coats? Ans.—Dwarfs.

☞ Why is a cat's tale like a swan's bosom? Ans.—Because it grows down.

☞ Why is a horse in a stable like a tormented criminal. Ans.—Because he is tied to the rack.

☞ Mary asked Charles, "What animal dropped from the clouds?" "The rain, dear," was the whispered reply.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—"Footfalls on the boundary of another world." MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—"Ant amat, aut odit mulier." A woman either loves or hates. CHARADE.—Endear, (End-ear.) REBUS.—Georgia, Atlanta, (Georgia, Egypt, Otsego, Russia, Great Britain, Independent, Arabia.) RIDDLE.—Stars. ANAGRAMS.—Washington, Seneca, Albany, Schenectady, Orleans, Yates, Saratoga, Putnam, Oswego, Montgomery. PROBLEM.—1248 or 8421.

A WELSHMAN JOB'S PATIENCE.—One night, as Job Cook came off the downs, wet to the very skin, it happened his wife had been baking. So when he went to bed his wife took his leather breeches and put 'em in the oven to dry. In the morning he began to feel about for his things, and he called out and said, Betty, where be mee things?" "In the oven," said his wife; so he looked in the oven and found his leather breeches all cockled up together like a piece of parchment, and he bawled out, "Wae ever man plagued as I be! What be I to do now?" "Patience, Job; patience, Job," said his wife, "remember thee old namesake, how he was plagued. "Ah," said the old man, "he was plagued, surely, but his wife never baked his breeches."